ARTICLES & REVIEWS

Woolf, Virginia

[Articles, essays, fiction and reviews] Notebook dated April 21, 1925.

p.1-41; p.71-85	[The moment] American fiction. 21 p.; 8 p.
p.43-55	[Reviews] Places & persons by Margot Asquith 7 p.
p.57-71 (1st 2 lines)	[The death of the moth. George Moore] Hail & Farewell by George Moore. 8 p.
p.87-91	Ancestors [incomplete. Beginning only] 3 p.
p.93-95	[Reviews] The Elizabethan home. 2 p.
p.97-107.	[Reviews] The tale of the Genji by Lady Murasaki tr. from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. 6 p.
p.109-123 157	[The moment] David Copperfield. Cont. 8 + 1 p.
p.125-127	[Reviews] Memories & reflections by Laura, Lady Trowbridge. 2 p.
p.129-155, 159.	[The common reader: second series] Swift's Journal to Stella (cont.) 14; 1 p.
p.161-171	[The moment. On being ill] 5 p.
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p.175	[Reviews] Later days by W. H. Davies. 1 p.
p.177; 179-249.	[Common reader: second series] How should one read a book. 1 + 36 p. dated Nov. 18 [1926]
p.251-~~259~~ 267	[Reviews] The rape of the lock. Tchekov Pope. 9 p.
p.269-271	[Common reader: second series. Jack Mytt Memoir of the Life of John Mytton esq., Nimrod. 2 p. Firs two pages of publis text.
p.273-275	[Reviews] Robinson Crusoe. 2 p.

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Woolf, V.
[Articles, etc.]

1st Draft of
Essays

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1. American Fiction.
2. Mrs Asquith.
3 George Moore. Hail & Farewell.
4.. The Lady Murasaki.
5. David Copperfield.
6. Lady Troubridge
7. The Journal to Stella.
8. On Being Ill.
9. How should one read a Book?
10. Tchekov on Pope.
11. Robinson Crusoe.

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American Fiction

1

Excursions into a foreign literature much resemble
our travels ~~in~~ abroad; ~~for we are in the in the same way~~
sights that ~~have become~~ are taken for granted by the
natives ~~are to us~~ bewilder us. however well we know the
language; accent & idiom are strange; ~~&~~ but above all,
~~we~~ ~~in~~ we seek out ~~the~~ whatever ~~delight~~ it may be that is
most unlike ~~ourselves~~ our own ~~but~~ possessions, &
declaring this to be the very essence of the French ~~& Russian~~ or
American genius, proceed to ~~build~~ lavish upon it a ~~kind of~~
credulous devotion, to build up upon it a structure of
theory — ~~all of which~~ may well amuse or annoy ~~the~~
~~those who have lived in~~ the French or Americans
themselves. Thus, the one American writer whom the
English wholeheartedly admire is Walt Whitman.
There, you will hear them say, is the real American. there is no
~~In him we~~ In the whole of English ~~literature~~ among all our poetry
star figure which resembles his — no ~~paragon~~ in the
least comparable to that of Leaves of Grass. Its very
unlikeness becomes a merit, & ~~he~~ leads us, ~~and~~ as
we drench & steep ourselves in the refreshing unfamiliarity
to become less & less able to appreciate ~~to~~ ~~Lowell~~,
Emerson, ~~Nathaniel~~ Hawthorne. ~~Indeed if a~~
~~Then~~ This bias ~~shows~~ shows itself ~~such writers like~~ Lowell English writer
Emerson, Hawthorne, who ~~far more resemble our own~~ ~~upon us.~~
~~can be~~ matched amongst us ~~who founded themselves~~ Then & were
~~steeped themselves in our English culture~~ The
bred ~~& so~~ ~~nourished upon the stock~~ ~~the~~
obsession persists at the present moment.
To dismiss such distinguished names as Henry James,
Joseph Hergesheimer & Mrs Wharton would be impossible.

~~on the lips~~ of those
it sounds differently
on the lips of those
who have spoken it
from birth;

those who have
been born in the
country & have
its blood in their
veins

who have had their
counterparts among
us, &

can far more
easily

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Sta

but the impression remains — these are not Americans: these add nothing to what we have already; indeed, the more intemperate may be heard to express the view that Henry James ~~did~~ crippled himself ~~by taking up~~ as a writer by living in a civilisation which was not his own, & that the art of ~~the work of~~ Mrs Wharton & Mr Hergesheimer would have been stronger, richer, sharper if ~~they~~ ~~it had~~ ~~they had~~ faced America.

instead of acquiring all the culture of all the ages they had stayed at home

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in that curiosity & one-sidedness. 3

Thus having qualified the tourist's attitude, let us begin our
excursion into modern American fiction ~~by~~ with the two writers
who of all american are probably the most discussed & read in England
at the present moment Mr. Sherwood Anderson & Mr.
Sinclair Lewis. ~~And~~ As we plough our way through the
soft sandy tract of A Storyteller's Story we are
rewarded by the exhilaration of feeling that here is a
landscape we have never seen before: here is ~~something it~~
the prelude, it seems to a rather than with fiction; for
in the plain statement of facts we may find something that
will light up ~~the~~ the American writer's ~~attitude~~, &
point of view allow us to guess the American writer's problem
~~point of view~~; to ~~see the world from his point of the compass.~~
peeping over his shoulder we may be able ~~as he looks from the~~ to see how the
world looks to him – Indeed, as we look over Mr.
Anderson's shoulder, America appears a very strange place.
What is it that we see? A vast land continent, scattered here & there ~~Heaps of battered~~
with a ~~very ugly~~ brand new village.
tins ~~strew the~~ abound, & ~~the horses which~~ which nature ~~the land~~ has not
~~has none of the English air of having~~ & ~~inconceivable~~ ~~Green~~ summers &
absorbed, with ivy & moss
winters as in England, but man has built recently,
economically & efficiently; so that the cumbrous
English wagons are transformed into Ford cars, &
for primroses & violets & shaggy banks & untidy trees
there are heaps of battered tins & sheds of corrugated
iron. ~~etc~~ "How they pitched the towns & cities together!
What an incongruity!... The cheap, hurried, ugly
construction of America's physical life still goes on &
on. The idea of permanent residence has not
taken hold on us. Our imaginations are not yet ~~That is the~~
fired by love of our native soil!" There are
those, strident & ~~cha~~ jarring, ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the as we touch American
the jarring notes which greet us, as we touch & this ugly &
soil – their cheap & this new.

Perhaps in the autobiographical It may be best, for our purposes, to begin with autobiography

Before we begin to imagine follow the fortunes of his characters

S.S. 79

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~~it is that~~ the soil is ~~very~~ stony ~~for~~ to ~~the roots of the imagination~~: 4

& if you try to thrust the roots of the imagination into the soil
it is choked by dust & stone. Then ~~And~~, as Mr. Anderson ~~builds up~~
goes on ~~telling us~~ ~~counting up the~~ in that curious drawling
melodious speech of his which reminds us of the Irish dialect of
Mr. George Moore — so much softer, suppler, & less clear cut than
the English ~~of the English~~ — another note seems to be added to the
pure text, ~~to be~~ repeated again & again & again ~~until we become~~ bothered puzzled worried by
the reiteration ~~becomes a worry~~. ~~It is self consciousness~~:
It is the consciousness of being American, when. Then inference
It is the American note. seems to be, it is rather a misfortune to be an American.
Mr. Anderson is for ever proclaiming that he is an American:
that it is a great misfortune to be an American: that
he is most painfully determined to be an American;
& that after all there is nothing in the world so fine as an
American. "What is America? ... Let's think a little
S.S. 101 about what it isn't. It isn't English, for one thing, & —
isn't it odd? — the notion persists that it is.
"I am the American man ... Behold in me the
— 307 Americanman striving to become an artist, to
become conscious of himself, filled with wonder
concerning himself & others, trying to have a good
time & not fake a good time. I am not
English Italian Jew German Frenchman Russian.
What am I? ... Like all real American men
of our day I wander constantly from place to
place striving to put down roots into the
American soil & not quite doing it." But
this ~~tragedy~~ self assertiveness has its a ~~corresponding dread, or~~
Eng Lit: 360. is ~~the offspring of a dread~~ is the expression, the positive
side of a fear, even of a hate, which is ~~in the~~ sometimes
shows its head — a fear, a dislike, a distrust, which is
based on fear & old memories, of the English. "What is
America? ..."

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~~This selfconsciousness is combined, & to some extent prompted~~ by the
~~The two~~ ~~What does it mean, being an American?~~ We
~~For the~~ For that is the first step ~~not to be ruled~~ in the process of being American —
to ~~be not English~~. to ~~be different~~ from the English: if you are
a writer, to ~~desert~~ not to march under the orders of those
old English generals who still marshal ~~the words~~ words
~~In the American stories~~ in the old English way: ~~After~~
but to ~~domesticate~~ capture "little native American
words"; to write, indeed, as one told stories to a
group of advertising men ~~sitting~~ in a barroom in
Chicago, or ~~loitering by~~ by a factory ~~door~~ in Indiana.

same to your service

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not on the classic English model but

Nothing surprises the English tourist more than the ~~bitt~~
the prevalence of this self consciousness, & the ~~with~~ with which it ~~is~~ is accompanied.
bitterness, for the most part against England, ~~with~~ with which it is
it. ~~One is reminded of the~~ There is a certain
similarity between the American One is reminded
constantly of the attitude of another race, till lately
subject, & still galled by the memory of chains: ~~write~~
~~with the~~ same
~~Their self conscious~~ women ~~still write~~ ~~their~~ their own
~~They too~~ are very conscious of peculiarities
Women ~~are~~ still far too conscious suspect
~~of their~~ sex ~~& far~~ too apt to ~~imagine~~ ~~with the~~ pen,
insolence, ~~&~~ to avenge old grievances —
~~to be able~~ to be able to devote themselves
wholly & impersonally to literature. So we
find running ~~through~~ the work of ~~attack~~
~~Mr Anderson, &~~ the same disabilities seem to ~~affect~~ affect
most ~~A~~ in an even greater degree to the work of American
novelists. ~~Flatt~~. Their rawness & the newness of
the civilisation irks them: there is. something

Women writers have had to meet many of the same problems that beset Americans.

as

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6 ‖

In both cases,
~~some losses~~
~~there are~~ this
self-consciousness,
race consciousness,
civilisation &
sex consciousness, is
~~a drawback~~
have their
drawbacks. They
impede, & distract.

So ~~many foreign bodies get between them & the paper.~~ ~~First,~~
And since it is clear that anything which distracts a writer ~~from his~~
~~task~~, or makes him self conscious in the use of his powers, hinders him;
thwarts him
& these susceptibilities & disabilities ~~and~~
~~all of which~~ colours their work & ~~fritter away their powers~~.
~~Especially, one cannot~~ ~~much~~ as they colour that of the Americans.
Mr. Sherwood Anderson would be a ~~much~~ more perfect artist
if he could forget ~~the necessity~~ ~~he is under~~ ~~of being~~ that he is an American.
He would write ~~better~~ prose if he could use all words impartially indiscriminately
whether the English have used them or not. Nevertheless ~~there are~~
as we turn from his autobiography to his fiction ~~too~~ ~~made to understand~~
~~the other side of the~~ we are ~~led to~~ make us own)
forced to own (as some womens writers also
that ~~the~~ ~~to be a~~ to come fresh to the world, to turn a
new angle to the light is ~~so much gain~~ an achievement
that for the sake of ~~that~~ its ~~strangeness & freshness~~ we are
ready to excuse ~~angularity & awkwardness &~~ the ~~necessary~~ Who is like the writer of
inevitable ~~irritations~~ limitations. as we ~~the~~
whom ~~we find ourselves~~ ~~thinking~~ ~~We~~ In the
angularity, ~~bitterness~~ awkwardness, self-consciousness. something new,
Triumph of the Egg there is something strange, some re-arrangement of the ~~by surprise~~.
~~one~~ momentarily at any rate
old elements of art which ~~makes~~ ~~us takes us~~ So one can
~~To find a~~ makes us rub our eyes. otherwise

~~some~~

remember feeling (but the comparison is not ~~does not~~ One
helpful) on first reading Tchekhov's stories. to lay hold of in
~~feel~~ there is nothing ~~to lay~~ familiar Egg; we feel, It baffles our effort;
the same story — The Triumph of the Egg; leaves us with the feeling that
slips through our fingers, leaves us with the feeling that we must go back
we have muffed our work as readers & to name ~~what~~ the quality is that
a make another attempt. ~~For~~ difficulty

gives him

~~that~~ Mr. Anderson's work its character is &
precisely for this reason — we that we have not met it before
he is not Russian

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To define what Mr Anderson gives us is easiest done
~~by~~ by saying will not carry us very far. In defining that elusive ~~[illegible]~~ quality
But the resemblance to Tchekhov is superficial enough. Mr
Anderson has a way of asking questions in his stories, as
Tchekhov does in his. "He taught mathematics" &c....
a waited. For what?" "All the hours of her
visit to her mother ... had been spent in an effort to
hurry away. From what?" ~~But the questions are~~ But his questions are not
are asked of a very ~~different~~ asked of so different an
so ~~profound as the Russians: he is~~ circumstances, ~~by people~~ so & with it
audience, in such different circumstances,
lead who ~~have~~ ~~will~~ find such different answers
that we withdraw from the comparison which has
however brought out the ~~simplicity of the~~ American, his
~~the crudity of the~~ his material, ~~the emptiness of his~~ primitive in
his ~~the American~~ his outlook as something ~~[illegible]~~ simple elementary compared with
~~whom~~ ~~which~~ the Russian ~~These [illegible] with shopkeepers &~~ is old & profound ~~intricate~~. ~~But~~ sardonic
Yet it would be an injustice to Mr Anderson to stop there.
~~It is true~~ that his characters are by origin shopkeepers,
farm hands, unsophisticated people; ~~that~~ vast spaces of
land lie about them; that ~~as society~~ society is all this notwithstanding
elementary & crude; but ~~when~~ their ~~[illegible]~~ company is
& they seldom come together; that their ignorance is immense; their
matings are
society rude; but ~~being~~ Mr Anderson has ~~made~~ this ~~with his~~
got down, ~~by his own~~ beneath ~~all~~ this, in his search "for the essence of things",
~~earnestness &~~ in his ~~warm~~ clumsy yet determination, & has
bored into a ~~a~~ strata of human nature which ~~does not~~
it would be frivolous to ticket "American" or "new" or
"simple." ~~I have~~ ~~He has~~ they are ~~sensual~~: The senses flourish in this world;
~~They are alive; they~~ ~~with the sap rising~~; a & the virgin is a desolate &
miserable figure; race horses are full of beauty;

5

In seeking to define that meaning the surface resemblance to Tchekhov

They are answered

~~his comparative~~

point of view,

But to explain our interest in Mr Anderson

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This my aim to be true to the essence of things; that's what I'm after.

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the cornfields ~~are~~ glow ~~with~~ like golden seas, illimitable, profound ~~mute~~;
~~there is~~ Virgins ~~are~~ desolate & miserable figures: &
Everywhere ~~these~~ boys & girls are imagining adventures,
While the ~~worn mother~~ parents broken backed by a life of toil
hitch together some ramshackle life: ~~& this~~ while the upshot is all enveloped in
the sensitive ~~medi~~ plodding musical language of Mr.
Andersons, ~~at once so~~ with its stretches of beauties, ~~its~~
languor, its effort, its air of being a ~~man's~~ own
~~tongue, which~~ speech. Especially from him, warm~~ed~~
~~through~~ by ~~that~~ of a man who has ~~taught~~ himself to speak
which his lips caress & mould as the words leave them.

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who has scooped out something peculiar to America

he is too much in love with his l- his ~~meander~~ treasures

squeeze it into an thing

what he has scooped out for himself

Commenting upon the formlessness of Mr. Anderson's work
the tourist from England would say that this is only confirms
his theory of what might be expected in an ~~writer~~
~~a~~ American writer of sincerity. The softness, the shellessness
of Mr. Anderson is ~~the~~ inevitable since what he has to say will
not fit any of the ~~ready made~~ European ~~cases~~ shells; is too sincere to
~~he far not~~ fashioned by the industry of the ages, & he ~~is too~~
~~squeeze it in by force~~ ~~Like all~~
~~sensitive &~~ will not consent to squeeze it. another test to the theory:
But ~~let~~ let us ~~apply the work of Mr.~~ ~~Sinclair Lewis~~
let us try to make Mr. Sinclair Lewis

But as ~~fit~~ ~~If this theory holds~~ good, how then are we to account for
the work ~~of Mr. Sinclair~~ Lewis?
does this theory throw any light upon the work of Mr.
Sinclair Lewis – does it not on the contrary explode at the ~~whatever~~ else
first ~~touch~~ of Babbitt & Main Street; which ~~many-tinted~~ ~~but~~
~~like steam~~ bubble, ~~shivers~~ ~~steaming~~ mahogany wardrobe ~~of solid~~ its
~~as a~~ soap
dashed against the corner of a ~~his~~ wardrobe. its hardness. ~~Their~~
~~mahogany~~? For it is precisely by ~~these~~ its hardness, ~~Babbitt~~ excels.
Efficiency, ~~their~~ its compactness, that ~~with~~ ~~suffer~~ hearty
Mr. Lewis's work excels. ~~The~~ American writer must have
assumption that a sincere American ~~peculiar~~ original to say that none
something so ~~wide~~ of the
He is obviously sincere; his competence is
prodigious; & he is an American ~~writing~~ ~~at work~~ ~~who~~ Americans
devoting all his powers to writing about America & Americans.

who also is an American who also writes about America,

Then from his without
His books shell,

~~They~~ are all shell one is inclined to say; ~~reading~~ ~~There~~
~~there is not a~~ he at once refutes our theory that the
true American can, at present, the only doubt is
whether ~~any~~ there is any room for the snail. ~~But~~ Babbitt
at any rate, a ~~book like Babbitt in its~~
completely refutes the theory that an American
writer, writing about America, must necessarily lack
the finish, the technique, the power to model & control his

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Two theories: that he is not American: that the A. does not differ much from the English.

material which ~~might be supposed to be the~~ one might suppose to be the attributes of an old tradition. In all these respects, Babbitt is the equal of any novel written in the present century. ~~For~~ The tourist therefore must choose between two alternatives. Either the theory that the experience of an American writer is so different ~~from other~~ from that of an English writer that he requires a different form to house it ~~his different experience~~ is moonshine; or Mr. Lewis has ~~to~~ modelled himself so closely upon the English — H.G. Wells ~~stands at a~~ is a very obvious model — that he has sacrificed his American characteristics. But the art of reading would be simpler & less adventurous than it is if writers could thus be parcelled out in slabs of green & blue. Study of Mr. Lewis more & more brings us to the conclusion that in him the colours have run into each other. ~~With~~ ~~all~~ this surface appearance of downright decision is

Beneath

deceptive. Inwardly he is ~~mad~~ ~~composed~~ of conflicting, & warring ~~the imperfection of the~~ surface serenity hardly serves to hold together ~~what~~ the warring elements within. For here is Mr. Lewis setting out to give us in

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For ~~Yeach~~ Babbitt would appear to be a portrait, ~~as~~ solid & ~~as~~ authoritative
~~an~~ ~~account~~ picture of an American business man, as can well be ~~a~~
~~we~~ the ~~more we~~ closer we look at ~~him~~ it the more doubtful we
become. ~~But~~ ~~We~~ ~~But what is it that makes us doubt~~?
~~Again, we~~ ~~[illegible]~~ And yet how difficult to ~~locate our~~
point at any To begin with ~~we~~ doubt that this is a
portrait of a man; ~~we~~ doubt that ~~We doubt the~~
~~truth of it~~, a certain tremor seems to shake Mr. Lewis
~~with all this~~ which ~~to~~ disturb us from ~~our~~ There is ~~a~~ an
his works, his own complete
self-confidence in ~~his own complete self conviction~~.
~~the usual~~ trace of the usual American self-consciousness;
~~this~~ he seems to be writing for a European audience, who
curiosity is their condescending way about the real nature
of a citizen of Zenith have had to be shown the creature,
& the showman, ~~who~~ is ~~equally~~ ~~divided~~ ~~between~~ Babbitt himself, is
~~hatted~~ who is after all of the blood of Babbitt
divided between an uneasy shame & an uneasy arrogance.
as he points his stick & rattles off his information.
~~In~~ Such an atmosphere ~~thorough~~ ~~up~~ intimacy is impossible.
All a writer of Mr. Lewis's powers can do is ~~unlikely~~ to be
unflinchingly accurate & ~~so complete~~ ~~much~~ ~~almost~~ mechanically
correct. Never was such a model of a city made before. button &
We press a water runs; we turn on the taps, the very hot bottles are heated. Like his own Babbitt, Mr.
Lewis seems to be grasping from ~~his own~~ some teasing
foolish sentimental dreams take refuge from some
teasing & / sentimental dream in the contemplation of
"He had enormous & poetic admiration,
though very little understanding, of all mechanical
machinery. devices. They were his symbols of truth & beauty."
And, inevitably, when he does
~~Like his own Babbitt~~ dream, his dream is the stereotyped, protesting, self-conscious
dream of a man who has been told by everyone that he has
not an ounce of imagination in him. To prove that he
has he dreams like

That is not a dream: that is another tribute to the
English. You say that dream — but what d'you
call that?" Well, it is commonplace
nonsense.

of an American business man

in his natural environment,

The ~~Babbitt is~~ Zenith is a despicable place: ~~the~~ but the English are even more despicable for despising it.

Again are let & body warmed

73.

10 5

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+ : 6 3 /
13 . 6

99

not only admires
but shares.
toothpaste, socks,
tyres. cameras
instantaneous
hot water heaters"

But when it comes to that moment which every novelist awaits
with anxiety, when ~~all that~~ the idea of machinery can ~~do~~ has ~~been done~~, or
is over & ~~Dreams must~~ the imagination must prove its
metal, then ~~a~~ his self-consciousness becomes
But this glorification machinery this ~~lust in the~~ ~~facts~~
for lust for shaving soap, motor cars, washing apparatus, or
~~Dressing appliances~~ which Mr Lewis seems to share
with his hero for " the had ne.

— is only a device for putting off the Babbitt evil day which Mr.
Lewis sees looming ahead whereby ~~Mr Lewis~~ must
~~give his~~ Babbitt may be eventually some share in truth & beauty, 'truth -
thrown to possess some humanity some share in 'truth
beauty; or Babbitt will be nothing but an improved
device for running motor cars & selling houses himself.
To make us care for Babbitt ~~that was~~ his problem. With this end in view
that Babbitt cherishes a sound dreams. Mr
Babbitt, Mr. Lewis hastens to assure us,
dreams ?

But that is not a dream: that is simply ~~the~~ a protest. ~~of a man~~
~~all~~ This the protest of a man who ~~is goaded by~~ determined ~~very anxious~~ to prove that he has
has no imagination; who is determined to prove that he has
one. He throws together sea, fairies, moon: if that is
not the recipe for an imaginative dream he seems to
demand, what is? With sex & family affection he
does a ~~good deal better. It~~ much more at his ease
Indeed it would be impossible to deny that as time
passes if we put our ears to the shell the foremost citizen of Zenith can be
detected moving cumbrously but ~~undoubtedly~~ unmistakably
~~in the~~ within ~~the hard thing shell~~ of his ~~Envir~~
Environment. One has moments of affection for him.
~~One~~ has moments of sympathy & even of desire that
some miracle may happen ~~or the~~ the rock may be
split asunder & that this! living ~~breathing~~ suffering being
with his capacity for happiness & adventure may be
set free. But no: that possibility is closed to
Babbitt: it is just on the cards that his son may
enjoy or ~~but to~~ get what he ~~missed~~ Babbitt himself is doomed.

has never dreamed
when life put
is determined
to prove
that
when
he
chooses he

for a bit

can do it
What are life man's
Expensive dreams
made of ?
Seas. fairies
moon? Well,
he will have
a little of each.
2

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50
20
15
3
88
30
118
15
133

20
15
30

In some such way as this, then, the English tourist makes his
theory embrace both Mr. Anderson & Mr. Sinclair Lewis.
~~Each is~~ Both suffer as novelists from ~~the~~ ~~fact of their~~ being Americans,
Mr. Anderson because it makes him ~~it makes, him~~ he ~~is~~ must protect his
pride; must Mr. Lewis because he must conceal his bitterness over it.
As Mr. Anderson's way ~~is the~~ takes the easier & opener way
his work ~~is the~~ suffers less; is the less injurious, &
his imagination the more vigorous; ~~Mr. Lewis~~
he has gained more than he has lost by his being the
spokesman of a new country, the ~~tentative artist~~
worker in fresh clay. Mr. Lewis, it would seem,
was meant by nature to take his place with
Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, & born in the England, would
undoubtedly have proved himself ~~their~~ equal. Denied
~~the~~ however the richness of an old civilisation — ~~that the~~
swarm of ideas upon which the art of Mr. Wells has fattened, the
~~thick~~ solidity ~~upon~~ of custom which has nourished the art
of Mr Bennett — ~~forced~~ he was forced to criticise rather
than to explore, & the object of his criticism — the too meagre.
civilisation of Zenith — was unfortunately of his however, should
~~for~~ to sustain him. That a man ~~[illegible]~~ the description of Mr
be forced to waste pages upon ~~that trivial~~.
Opal Emerson Mudge ~~seems~~ — the Expatriated
seems a pathetic proof that ~~Mr~~ there, credulities to
Americans had reason when they left human beings & fled to
Europe into some semblance of ~~significance~~ ~~cultiness~~,
Paris & London. ~~But the tourist~~ But as to be frank
repeats, ~~The truth is, however, that~~ Yet ~~though their flight is~~ Walt Whitman,
~~tourist takes the trouble of~~ Yet ~~Mr Anderson~~
~~their flight was not~~ ~~would seem to supply the~~
& Mr. Anderson, all seem to
~~quality.~~ ~~then~~ a little reflection, put a different colour on the
~~seems to convince us~~ Look at Americans as an
conclusion.

of these two
~~his~~ famous men.

robust

before they
touched them with the tips
of their pens
there ~~tips~~.
scarecrows &
abstractions

that he wrote as
a European

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as a type of

American, see Mrs. Mudge as she ~~appears to~~ is in herself, not as she is when displayed for the amusement of condescending Britishers, & then, we dimly suspect Mrs. Mudge is no type, no scarecrow, no abstraction – Mrs. Mudge is – ~~an~~ it is not for an English writer to say what. ~~The fact that~~ One is always on the brink of this prima discovery.

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Mr. Mencke. than
American generally,

& at ~~first~~ the
change is
bewildering.

When he is
writing,
that they are

unsparing
Fielding.

He can only guess, peep, speculate, look ~~over~~ peeping between chinks in the
barrier & hazard the opinion that however different,
Americans are every whit as strange, ~~profound~~,
that Americans are, somehow, ~~real people~~. human beings too.
~~That is~~ That suspicion, ~~is however~~ suddenly
becomes a certainty after we read the first page of Mr.
Ring Lardner's *You know me Al*; & ~~And~~
~~And like all sudden transformations it is attended with~~
~~Good deal of bewilderment~~. ~~for the mostly part~~ For ~~now~~ here,
Hitherto we have been kept at arms length.
~~We have been constantly reminded of our~~ reminded
constantly ~~your difference~~, your ~~lack of understanding~~, of your
superiority, your inferiority; of the fact, anyhow, not merely
that we are different & alien: Mr Lardner is unaware
of our ~~existence~~. difference; he is unaware of our existence.
When a crack player is ~~so~~ in the middle of an exciting
game of baseball he does not stop to wonder whether ~~a~~
the audience ~~approve~~ ~~admires~~ likes the colour of his hair.
all his mind is on the game. So Mr Lardner does not
waste a moment ~~upon~~ time in thinking ~~whether~~ whether he is
using ~~a new American~~ American slang ~~word~~, or ~~an old~~ English ~~respectable~~. Fields,
~~Classical word~~, whether he is following Fielding, or whether he is
inventing a new method of his own, whether he is all his
~~proud of being~~ an American, or a Japanese. [Hence he writes the
mind is on his story.
best ~~of~~ prose that has come our way so far.] are on the story.
Hence he ~~matters, he too keeps~~ all our minds ~~upon~~
Hence, incidentally, he writes the best prose that has come our
way so far. And so at last we feel
ourselves admitted without any reservation at all,
Hence we feel at last ~~that human beings, are human~~ in free & equal
~~beings~~. admitted without question with to the society of our
~~terms, as much~~ as our case
fellows.

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that this should be true of *You know me Al*, a story about
baseball, which is not played in England, ~~crowded with words~~
~~which~~ written often in a language which ~~is~~ not spoken in

a thing

England, gives us pause. ~~Added~~ renders to his unconsciousness,
Mr Lardner has, of course, remarkable talents. ~~He is~~
~~that natural gift~~ ~~Extra~~ With an Extraordinary

to what does he owe his success?

ease & aptitude ~~he to~~ with the quickest strokes, the
surest touch he lets Jack Keefe the ~~ba~~ baseball
player/ detach himself from obscurity. ~~run round his own~~ fill in ~~as~~ his own:

The sharpest insight

~~outline a~~ cut out his own outline, until the
depths, freely, unhesitatingly. uncautiously, likeable man
figure of the foolish boasting innocent ~~to~~ ~~these~~ letters
lives before us. ~~And~~ As he runs on, of themselves at
which ~~have sometimes~~ seem to pour
or whatever ~~to~~ the mood of the moment, ~~he also~~

babbling out his papers whatever

~~describes a~~ his friends, his sweethearts, his ~~this a~~
surroundings all ~~shape~~ come before us. We gaze into
~~live society that he is placed, quite~~ ~~without~~
the depths of a society which goes its ways
~~heeding us~~ intent on its own concerns.
There, perhaps, is ~~the~~ one of the elements of Mr. Lardner's
success. He is not merely himself intent on his own ~~bent on them~~
game, but his characters are equally engrossed. Here is
~~for~~ baseball; in the Champion in boxing. Perhaps
it would not be fantastic to suppose that Mr Lardner
interest in games has solved one of ~~what we may~~ for the American
given to be a difficult problem ~~what brings~~
novelist — ~~to find some clue~~ ~~to life~~: it has provided a
it has given him a clue, meeting place for the
~~centre for~~ a centre, some of people whom a
random activities of isolation & the rudiments
~~vast continent~~ constrains to ~~rather than~~ the

Condenses

~~primitive intercourse of the~~ ~~whom~~ are ~~so~~ traditions
whom ~~a divers~~
do not control.

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~~That~~ landmarks
And here the tourist, having inspected three buildings of
capital importance — Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lewis, &
Mr. Lardner — feels himself ~~amply~~ rewarded for the
perils & toil of the expedition since he has discovered
interesting
what he went in search of — something different from
what he has at home. ~~Taking some~~ Just as a
traveller turns out his pockets after a days jaunt in a
foreign town, so we too may examine our finds; reckon
even
up our expenses, ~~add~~ ~~make a few~~ in attempt ~~formulate~~
~~perhaps~~ to ~~Watch at~~ ~~solidity our theory~~ ~~run our~~
impressions into ~~some more~~ some ~~finer whole~~. more
~~then~~ the days
orderly whole. Here is ~~a country~~ ~~then which is~~
a literature ~~aged~~ ~~shall~~ just come of age, the
a new born an magnificent
a literature, then; in process of birth; ~~but~~ & ~~for~~ parents
~~it has an of English birth~~. But the parents exposed the child on
were
a rocky Its parentage is disputed; but evidence seems to
they ~~it is~~ American
show that ~~they~~ were chiefly of English birth, ~~but~~ & ~~for~~
inhospitable
exposed the child, as an infant upon a rocky & inhospitable
shore, where it survived ~~only~~ solely by means of its own exertions.
its self-assurance.
marks of the origin
So much we may ~~affirm~~ confidently affirm: all this we may expect to find, or
crudity
an unfamiliarity, a stupidity or all this we may ~~We also find~~
in such
~~indeed do find without~~ beyond dispute. his descent &
arrogance,
~~then~~ The boy is ~~also~~ half proud of his determined to
and is
half disdainful. Grown to manhood he is ~~had~~
assert his independence, ~~& to show that he~~
own individuality
& his complete
~~The first natural~~
~~& to proclaim his identity~~ ~~This literature, then, is as~~
In all this tha ~~highly complex~~. We have ~~spasms of~~
this affect some
~~we might expect~~
~~the elaborate~~ constantly to reckon with ~~in~~ that
attitude ~~of~~ irritation ~~which is~~ forbidding can only
profound & unconscious growth which ~~insists~~ upon
be carried on in the dark of quiet, of what

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works upon the quick & eager sensibility of the American & makes it blossom, ~~rapidly~~

Then we have to reckon with the English influence, which is just as formidable when it is flouted denied as when it is accepted. We have to accustom ourselves to ~~such~~ a exaggerations of ~~what~~ ~~culture, to a~~ of English characteristics, to a suppression of individuality, an almost slavish acceptance of English standards. So far, the analysis is ~~not~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of ~~American fiction~~ is not obscure, ~~difficult~~, & adds to the ~~credit~~ increase of English self-complacency. ~~But~~ They cannot escape us, ~~we~~ ~~Can hear~~ the English critic may be excused thinking as he reads Linda Condon, & The House of Mirth & The Ambassadors; Mr. Hergesheimer ~~Mr James~~ & Mrs. Wharton, ~~Mr.~~ Henry James ~~are~~ in all these writers are ~~eager for~~ pursuing the old English methods, ~~but~~ with that little exaggeration of manner which ~~proves that they are not entirely at home~~ betrays their foreign birth. And how can it be otherwise? how ~~after all can people with~~ he might pursue his reflections, since ~~he~~ he who could be so purblind as to shut his eyes ~~off from all~~ the splendours of English literature, in a vain hope that his ignorance may help him to create, ~~an original literature of his own~~? & who once having undergone that baptism can remain sincere & pure at heart & uninfluenced? The real problem that besets them, then, is ~~how~~ to ~~combine read a scholarly knowledge of the English tradition, with sufficient~~ art being ~~swamped by it.~~ take all that we can give, but to adapt it to their own ends. The English critic ~~[illegible]~~ seen in his arrogant way can be ~~pardoned if he~~ here exhibits some scepticism ~~about their ends~~. What proofs there he asks, that America has any end in view

as innocent as he was before.

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that is peculiar to humanity. In all these years, one ~~American~~ writer —
~~or that has certes~~ for ~~ten~~ ~~with the solitary exception of~~
Walt Whitman ~~no one has~~ yet has emerged who seems to

These impressions are highly complex, as is inevitable,
when one considers the mixed origin ~~the~~, the ~~youth~~, the
age of the literature we are trying to understand, its youth, its
age, ~~its po~~ ~~the~~ & all the cross currents influences which are at work to
disturbing the natural course of its development. Here ~~we~~
~~are puzzled by an extreme~~ ~~to chastise the picture~~ ~~find a parody~~ of our
~~are~~ is the English of this like ~~boy~~ a chick ~~child~~ ~~boy~~ who,
having been exposed by its parents upon a rocky &
inhospitable shore, has survived solely by means
of its own exertions, & is now at once arrogant &
self assertive, yet extremely diffident & self conscious,
half inclined to repudiate ~~that~~ its parentage, ~~&~~
half to ~~[illegible]~~ asserts its ~~by ant~~ blood prove its ~~birth~~ ~~ancient ancestry by~~
by ~~an~~ a parody of all those qualities which ~~the~~ ~~The~~ ~~The English~~
~~the~~ are peculiar to the English. ~~The English~~
~~critic may be pardoned some~~ Mr. Hergesheimer,
Henry James, Mrs. Wharton out do the English in
culture, ~~cash~~ urbanity & ~~traditional~~ the traditional
graces of ~~manner~~. ~~On the other hand~~, Mr. Dreiser,
~~Mr.~~ Mr. Masters Mr. Anderson are equally
determined to accentuate the differ ~~Mock~~. ~~be~~ by themselves. Each
attitude is, of course, largely assumed, to ~~the disguise of the~~
~~writer's own characteristics~~, & each is a tribute to that
the English ascendency ~~which~~ cannot fail, ~~while~~ it
~~necessary English self complacency, to make the~~
the English critic may be pardoned if he ~~asks himself~~
rubs ~~scratches his~~ head over American literature
& is at once bewildered & flattered by the spectacle
~~after all, we can imagine things~~
~~of so much~~ submission & ~~so much~~ independence.

Walt

current wh are blowing across the natural ~~course~~ of the stream

European civilisation

Makes

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whether this submissive or self assertive

if he comes to the conclusion that American literature is
nothing but a variety of his own. must ~~shut~~ After all, ~~who could~~ for
~~Expect~~ writers of sensibility to shut their eyes ~~to~~ to the
splendours of English literature, & who, having
undergone that influence come out as he went in?
The real problem that ~~[illegible]~~ faces ~~[illegible]~~ the Americans
How could it be otherwise; he may asks, since ~~any writer of~~
how ~~can~~ the English speaking avoid English literature, & how
can a

~~But his self-complacency~~ But after this little tour into
American fiction, his complacency is shaken, & to do him
justice, his interest is aroused. ~~Those~~ Where before he was
wont to ~~say that they were~~ see only English He can
no longer deny ~~a suspicion~~ that there are Americans ~~are~~
~~making out this~~ no longer occupied ~~with~~ ③ ~~them~~.
~~wrong with them~~ so ~~much~~ concerned to
who do not care a straw ~~for~~ what he thinks of them.
For all he knows Mr Lardner has never heard of ~~the~~
~~British Isles~~. English literature, & yet Mr Lardner
is writing is able to convey his meaning down to the
last grain of the last ounce. ~~Then~~ But, Mr Anderson, who has read, & who
~~has~~ ~~is in process of solving a.~~ the ~~old tradition~~
has thought, almost to excess of the
has solved or is in process of solving an even harder
feat: to ~~take from~~ be conscious of the English ~~literature what they can give~~, ~~to colour~~ his
subtly adapt it ~~prose~~ what he ~~takes~~ infinitely allowing English literature, for which he proceeds to adapt to
he gets from it something ~~which~~ For, directly we own that
his own ends.
we do not know how to say ~~what~~ ourselves
baffled, thrown off the scent in reading, surprised
against our will, we have to acknowledge an
end, ~~which~~ is revealed to us, a shake of the kaleidoscope.

that one way or another, the American writer cannot deny his English heritage must take what

undoubtedly unable to write

& yet to use

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And how should there not be an end before the American, a
which we over here see not at all?
That is the point we reach; & it cannot be denied that
though we began by condescending, we end by
something curiously like envy. This old civilisation
is getting very old. It needs a very great writer now to
add place another stone on the ~~great~~ pyramid of
English literature. "Society" has been written about
insipidly, whereas baseball is a new subject altogether.
~~Then~~ The old landscape has moved men to emotion
for endless springs & summers; ~~& nature has~~ unknown almost,
but the new lies undescribed, ~~unknown~~ awaiting
its cans & deserts & motor cars & prairies scattered
~~some~~ ~~the~~ lying ~~like~~ ~~scraps~~ of like a ~~[illegible]~~ or the artist's
puzzle, a far flung mosaic, awaiting
hands. So with the people themselves, ~~with new~~ ~~ch~~ bent to
of many races & many languages, ~~ideas & new~~ ~~& with an appetite~~ for
new labours, ~~desiring~~ to describe them a new art is
different pleasures, the future is alive with its problems.
needed, ~~& the future~~ is ~~alive~~ ~~yielding~~ at home & already
~~The~~ The ~~very~~ language is half at home helps envying some of the
the English ~~writer~~ reader is only ~~can~~ ~~reach~~
~~resources~~ ~~of the~~ new language. ~~The~~ ~~Indeed~~ this
half in envy half in expectation he ponders
~~leaping~~ ~~living~~ ~~ugly~~ new American language, whose difference is
~~so~~ to contrasts the There is the when we
unmistakable. ~~Every day some American~~
read the American slang then we know that
it is useless to talk of a common literature any more.
Every day, ~~a new~~ some ugly ~~specious~~ new word is
added to the American language. but ~~the~~ a new word in
but it would be a long search to find So the differences multiply. &
an English writer.
this

& so, credulous
apprehensive,
but ~~so~~ keenly
expectant
we await
what the
future is to
bring to American
fiction.

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Places & Persons
by Margot Asquith
Thornton Butterworth & Co Ltd. 21/-.

~~In a hundred years~~

When the twentieth century has sunk beneath the horizon,
all who love to light up the [illegible] ~~by gone age~~
will be ~~working there~~ ransacking the libraries for
~~one woman at least will~~ ~~all~~ ~~they~~ biographers a memoir
writers, historians & gossips will be ransacking the
archives for Asquithiana. the figure of one woman ~~One figure~~ will stand out
~~at~~ ~~from the shades, as~~ as an epitome, a sample, a
landmark. Like Madame Recamier, Mrs Montagu,
Miss Berry,

There can be no doubt that the ~~same~~ fate ~~kind~~ of awaits
Mrs Asquith ~~the~~ (if we may still use that familiar name)
which has already befallen so many of her sisters in the
past. Every age boasts a few of these ~~or~~ dominating
~~or~~ ladies, who ~~without achieving anything themselves~~,
leave ~~nothing tangible~~ little behind them ~~but something~~
~~more~~ ~~no work of art or~~ but only the reflection
of themselves in other peoples eyes. Ladies like Madame
Recamier, ~~Mrs~~ the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Hester Stanhope
who survive not in their works, but in perhaps more ~~eccentricity~~ their wit, or beauty, in
~~Eternally~~, ~~in themselves~~; in their charm in ~~indeed~~ which
~~their eccentricity, or~~ themselves what ~~that~~ ~~has some immortality~~
for often the qualities ~~that~~ ~~as much by~~
~~are strangely mixed~~ & fascinate us against our expectation &
their ~~oddity as by their~~ out of all proportion to our sense of
~~against our reason~~
fitness in proper use. There lies the spell, the problem, & the
lure. Long after we are dead, professors, historians
biographers will be trudging turning the pages of Mrs

[illegible]

immortally
or some ~~Comb~~
some strange
combination of

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writes a voice which
is like a bird's
& beats like
[illegible]

Discussing ~~an~~ autobiography, gazing at her portrait ~~annotating her~~
collecting Asquithiana in the attempt to run to catch the secret of her
there can be no question the [illegible] & precision of
sway. ~~For~~ open any book of nineteenth century memoirs — the
life of Tennyson, of Jowett, of Gladstone, of Symonds; & in all
of them Margot ~~'s charms are celebrated; in all~~ appears:
Margot is loved, lectured, praised, blamed, by all these
eminent men in turn. To all she meant something definite
vital, ~~an~~ individual unlike anyone else. ~~Even in these~~
Nor are we, ~~who~~ though of a later generation, who kept at ~~a~~
arms length by the printed page, ~~to~~ not ~~a~~ impervious
to that vi~~brating personality~~ the vibration, ~~that extraordinary~~
~~vitality~~ of ~~that~~ this extraordinary ~~vitality which, in personal~~
~~intercourse,~~ personality ~~through the pages of these~~
~~scraps & fragments~~ ~~Even~~ Here, in this haphazard or
miscellaneous pages, penned together with As we
turn her pages we try ~~to pin her down~~ ~~Obviously~~
to explain it, to ~~pin~~ [illegible] into its constituent parts, to &
~~the good, the bad, the~~.

find ourselves
at the old
game of types

Her complete
absence of literary
faults that
endeared her
to many
writers

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"A mixture of city clerk or post office woman & a
wandering circus girl" — that is her own contribution
to the problem. ~~for~~ writes ~~though she has~~ the Gipsy's love
of the open air & bright colours & riding & "making
38 love in the sun" she ~~is~~ has ~~the~~ ~~city clerks~~
a ~~methodical~~ business woman's dislike of dirt, discomfort, &
unpunctuality. ~~but~~ there is truth in this; ~~as there~~ is
~~in all that she says of~~ for Mrs Asquith writes just the word she wants; is singularly
truthful, but ~~for~~ "city clerk" we should ~~substitute~~ read
Governess; ~~for~~ ~~the~~ most marked ~~salient~~ & contrast in
her character is the ~~She is a born preacher.~~ She
has ~~precisely~~ ~~that~~ ~~self assurance~~, that positiveness,
~~that~~ self assured ~~liberal~~ uncompromising
~~knowledge of~~ has the mind of a first rate
finishing governess — positive, self assured
~~Extremely~~ She has the governess attitude to the
world; she is ~~a falsa~~ she is positive, dogmatic, self-assured,
& highly moral; but Mrs Asquith has more of the
governess in her than of the clerk. As we ~~read~~ hear her
& scolding & praising & summing up with
unbounded self-assurance ~~& the~~ & no
shadow of doubt ~~or~~ we feel that ~~the world~~ to
~~is reduced~~ to a see we are all in the nursery
together & Mrs Asquith is ~~sett.~~ sending some into
the corner. & giving others gilt prizes ~~& denouncing~~ ~~woman~~
with all the conviction & a authority of a such
to an inimitable finishing governess such
deplorable lapses as greediness, untidiness, upsetting
the ink pot & being late for prayers. As we
read her maxims — this writer's
or her literary criticism
start that we remember that ~~this~~ of them

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Schoolroom

Crude & shallow doctrines which have all the air of being issued by a clergyman's daughter who has never been beyond the shadow of the village ~~trees~~ are on the contrary the considered opinion of a of the worldliest of women, woman who has seen more of the world than any other woman of her time. was a Prime Minister's wife & led one of the most intellectual sets in English society.

We are forced to ~~make up~~ ~~suit~~ another theory. The irresistible fascination ~~Perhaps then it was~~ But ~~The~~ ~~let us try to~~ we are forgetting the gipsy. ~~And when the two opposites are~~ After all, one may change the quality of a glass of cold water completely by dropping ~~into~~ which shall upset it one small wispy pellet. Drop ~~into~~ a tabloid of gipsy into pint of governess & the result is the most exhilarating of potions: at once ~~effervescent, sparkle~~ stimulating intoxicating. Jowett, Gladstone, Tennyson, are all ~~at once~~ intoxicated, though it is said ~~though~~ highly probable that if Jowett had ~~tasted heard the~~ had a lesson in Plato, or Gladstone on politics, or Tennyson on ~~a~~ by herself, each parting from the governess would have crushed his hat over ~~his eyes~~ & hurried in the opposite direction. But ~~when the governess was~~ But when that this the governess ~~the lesson was~~; ~~the governess has~~ rode ~~the finest sent on horseback~~ of any ~~in what~~ ~~woman of her time~~, like a bird, dressed like an angel, & had the courage of a hero; the crudity & cant could ~~moral~~ condition of her philosophy & at regions be forgiven. ~~In~~ It ~~would~~ indeed ~~of a~~ especially of spirit little knowledge of great men, of a sedentary turn ~~be aware that~~ to a woman who ~~saw~~ riding & dancing & dressing, given that ~~it was~~ they ~~to~~ ~~vitality~~ ~~were a far~~ ~~the~~ far more ~~all the~~ agile. then hearts than a woman who has every virtue, ~~And~~ ~~Even in this~~ but not a single grace.

was a very singular sort of girl.

it makes very little what ~~for~~ views she holds on art.

they agreeably [illegible]

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~~But~~

~~But~~ ~~But Great men are not~~ ~~The difficulty~~

~~But~~ ~~The difficulty which we are under~~

I

It is not difficult to attribute to Mrs Asquith an abnormal &
extraordinary vitality; what is difficult is to feel
through the avidity & bleakness of a book written rather by
~~chiefly by~~ the governess ~~than the~~ gipsy, the ~~But when we use our imagination~~
Charm ~~of that vitality~~
~~some~~ which, ~~undoubtedly~~ & inspite of them ~~beyond dispute~~ in what the made
Mrs chiefly by the governess ~~that~~ that vitality had
Charm. ~~Worst~~ ~~It is much easier to~~ ~~She~~

The bad Effect

~~can see~~ ~~It blinded~~ ~~Her~~ that It blinded her; it narrowed
her; it cut her off from a whole world of ideas &
feelings; ~~which~~ it made her impatient & egotistical; &
~~which require~~ ~~to~~ — all this is obvious as we ~~read her~~ in all the volumes of her memoirs,
certainly ~~whether she~~ search our memories for any profound
~~memoirs~~, & reflection upon life, for any ~~deep or~~ subtle
interpretation of character ~~or~~ a ~~fine sense~~. ~~That~~ ~~That is the~~ She
~~lived too fast & too much on the~~
But ~~that is to look on the wrong side of the pattern.~~
look at the right side of the pattern which is always the
more interesting of the two. Let us attempt to
illustrate from the first diary in the book
the figure of the girl who travelled in Egypt
thirty four years ago. Everybody at once ~~falls~~ fell headlong in
love with her. Now it was certainly the young officers & ~~the~~ ~~the~~
aide-de-camps: ~~who feel her charm.~~ ~~the whole story of her life.~~
~~Stewardess tells her the whole~~ story of her life;
the stewardess told her the story of her life; had fallen in love with her:
~~she danced~~ Everybody of course ~~fell in~~ a ~~black~~ ~~red~~ scarlet frock &
she danced with her castagnettes in a black frock; she
black lace petticoat; she galloped over the desert; she And all this was
But what is more to the purpose;

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courageous ~~in those days~~. She was the pioneer of unborn generations:
And if she is not fortunate in her sentimental descriptions
her ~~great~~ satirical portraits are admirable. Take the
~~let~~ her father on the journey – Papa spoke at the
portrait
top of his voice while all the people were praying . . .
awe is unknown to him . . . Papa tries me very highly
with lunch in the train & at all meals, as he is
so hasty: he drops his pears upon the railway
floor, & coffee on his clothes . . . Papa (39.)

And if she has the defects of that quality – its impatience, its
self confidence its ~~egotism~~ ‡ so that it seems impossible
its inability to ~~[illegible]~~ stop & think
for her to realise the shadowy character, ~~but only~~ its
~~Though authors~~ ~~of she never writes a flat~~ we are
so that only the characters she has described there is ~~not one~~
~~that is intimately~~ known. or ~~subtly~~ know ~~intimately~~ or
there is none that is known to us intimately ~~or profoundly~~
She has its ~~infinite quality~~ courage, its recklessness, its
~~power to~~ ecstasy ~~in the more~~ fact of ~~being~~ life living which
~~even~~ is infectious even in print. "I think you
have more social courage than anyone I ever saw in ~~We must remember~~
my life" said her mother.
~~And~~ ~~This was in the year 1891~~ ~~Thirty~~ Tennant in
And it needed courage to be Miss Margot
the year 1891 – to dance with castagnettes, ~~rather~~;
to gallop over the desert with her skirt pinned
up but "showing more ankle than the safety-pin
had guaranteed"; to have tea with Lord
to have a mind of her own on art, religion – politics;
Althlumney in his room; to let Major Lewis
kiss your hands & say "you are the most
wonderful person he had ever met – gay,
kind & true, & a delight to be with"; to
correspond with Mr Asquith, Lord Ribblesdale, West –
Oscar Wilder, Mr Rodd, Mr Algernon
so ~~indeed, if the~~ to be bewitchingly frank about
. . .) & yet to
one's parents – (Papa

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remain on the best of terms with them — to burst into the most sacred enclosures of English society with a 'nose like a knuckle' & teeth like tombstones;' ~~to~~ to be in short the ~~first woman to~~ as much of a pioneer in her own way as the founders of the women's colleges were in theirs that indefinable & disturbing phenomenon — a woman without any age. 'always' ~~at~~ as the gypsy told her, "young enough to make love & suppose it"; &

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Hail & Farewell
by George Moore.
Heinemann.

The ~~only~~ best ~~literary~~ criticism of books – ~~one might go so far as to~~ perhaps indeed
~~say~~ the only criticism of books – ~~now~~ to be had nowadays
is spoken, not written, spoken over wine glasses & coffee cups,
late at night; or ~~on the spur of the moment in a flash~~
flashed out in the spur of the moment ~~hinted~~, suggested,
~~in an unfinished sentence by~~ by ~~people~~ 'friends' who have not time to
finish their sentences. ~~There is no consistency in it.~~ &
~~From these unfinished sentences~~ About George Moore & his
works these talkers seem in violent disagreement. George
Moore is the best living novelist – & the worst; writes the
most beautiful prose of his time – the feeblest & ~~most~~
~~rather~~; has a passion for literature ~~shared by no other~~
~~[illegible] th~~ which none of his contemporaries
shares – but how egotistical, childish, & limited is his judgment on!
The worth of this criticism lies ~~in~~ the fact that it does
what ~~no~~ printed ~~word~~. criticism ~~fails~~ to do –
not so much in the accuracy of each blow, as in the heat it
engenders. ~~It~~ ~~This~~ ~~It sends~~ ~~this is a live thing~~ then, –
~~the work of George Moore~~ into it the sense it kindles of
reality, of importance, of excitement & adventure &
~~pleasure~~, ~~to be had from the reading of books.~~
pleasure of tracking down George Moore for oneself.'

& cares nothing
either for the feelings of the editors or the
new read –
[illegible] & [illegible] for
the susceptibilities
of editors & the
sensibilities of friends.

disinterested
an ~~incorruptible~~

Do they ~~knock~~ hammer the
horse shoe out with
one blow this side
one that. & the

~~to~~ reading
books,

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What we must instantly settle for ourselves.

And perhaps it is not accidentally but ~~that something~~ ~~born~~ instinct – ~~that~~ they vague sense ~~which brewed by~~ from which dipping & dallying, ~~dreaming, & discussing~~ has brewed in us – ~~memories~~ of Esther Waters or Evelyn Innes & the Lake – which makes us ~~begin with~~ take down, in its new & stately form, Hail & Farewell – the two large volumes which George Moore has written, ~~directly~~ openly & directly, about himself. ~~For~~ all his novels are about himself, covertly & obliquely; – that at least is what memory would persuade us; ~~It~~ & it will help us to understand them if we ~~go to the source daily~~. steep ourselves ~~in those~~ in the very ~~source~~ ~~that~~ original fountain ~~water~~ & which ~~diluted, adulterated~~ the pure water which elsewhere we meet are tinged, scented with other flavours. But are not all novels about the writers peoples selves? one might ask? Then we must draw our net a little closer, & say, as we open ~~Hail & Farewell~~, that what differentiates George Moore from other novelists is his complete lack of the dramatic sense. Tolstoi persuades us that ~~Natasha lives~~ he is merely showing us Natasha, exhibiting her beauty, her folly, her charm; but if Mr Moore wrote about Natasha, ~~Esther~~ her beauty, her folly, her charm would all draw over upon to Mr Moore. ~~She would have no existence separate from his~~ ~~In Esther Waters which~~ Esther Waters has all the outer ~~?~~ sincerity, shapeliness, style; ~~?~~ but appearance of a great novel: ~~but~~ they because Mr Moore has not the strength to ~~proof~~ sheeve a great Esther from him, ~~all these~~ its virtues ~~remain~~ collapse like a tent without a pole. ~~What we remember of Esther Waters~~ is Esther Waters collapses in to Esther who should have been the ~~pole~~ tent a vision of some comely shepherdess in this case a George Moore – what remains is exquisitely ~~lovely~~ descriptions of the Sussex downs. For the novelist who has no dramatic power, is always ~~seeking~~ to ~~p~~ no central fire of excitation,

a vague recollection

& spiced

It is as he sees people ~~the~~ alone that we can see them, shaped, by the singularities of his own vision, which is himself. But the idea

Probably it is this defect wh. has prevented him from writing a greater

Cultivation, r

But the great novelist has such an intensity of emotion that he can cast his glands off into other people. he has the dramatic power –

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The 3 Complex
Character — at once
The Sportsman
who wears
The amorist
The sportsman on the

has this compensation, that he loves nature. She is still & passive;
~~lovely~~ & melancholy, ~~jocund~~ a dusky of a spirit, ~~the mirror~~ troubled or
obscure, she gives herself to ~~him~~ him, ~~as a woman~~ his mood, &
~~while she~~ enhances his mood does not disturb it.
The reason why we prefer ~~the autob~~ Hail & Farewell
~~The novelist~~ But ~~the~~ whatever defects in ~~the~~ the novelist may ~~be~~ ~~the~~ well be
merits in an autobiographer, & so we find, ~~so~~ to our delight,
that the very qualities which weaken Mr. Moore's novels are the
making of his memoirs. The diffident & timid humbug, snubbed little boy,
~~the~~ whom ~~so~~ parents laughed at him, the boy who ~~made~~ was the butt sportsmen
for his ~~wearing ladies boots~~ to shoot ~~at~~ in ladies boots with a
hammerless gun, — this complex & uneasy character, lacking
primness, ~~lacking~~ ~~dignity~~, sensuality pomp & humbug, with its
extreme refinement & & malice & innocence &
its shrewdness & ~~wit~~ incompetency ~~is the~~ mixed is
the ~~far~~ better more fitted for self analysis than for the
analysis of others. For one thing, Mr. Moore has
~~no~~ none of that robust belief in himself which leads
men to prophecy & proselytise. Nobody was ever more
diffident. "For it is difficult for me to believe any
good of myself." ~~With~~ bombastic & truculent as he
may appear within "trembles a heart as shy as a
wren in the hedgerow or a mouse along the
wainscotting." ~~And~~ ~~the world was~~ The least noise
startles him, & the ordinary proceedings of mankind
astonish him. ~~They~~ He cannot find his way of the ordinary
~~go for a walk~~, ~~he~~ he cannot tackle ~~along took the~~
business of life at all. ~~And~~ But ~~then~~, he has its
But ~~these~~ with the timidity of the mouse insignificant Mouse is
Gigantic boldness. The meek innocent lion's paws.
~~Creature will~~ runs right over the ~~his~~ by his own
nothing that Mr. Moore will not say; every drawing
confession he ought to be excluded from every drawing
room in South Kensington. Once when he was a
child "inspired by an uncontrollable desire to break
the monotony of infancy" he ~~stripped off all his~~
~~clothes~~ threw all his clothes into a hawthorn tree &
"ran naked in front of my nurse or governess."

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screaming with delight at the embarrassment I was causing her."
The habit has ~~endeared~~ remained itself to him — to take off his clothes &
scream with delight at the fuss & blush & embarrassment which
he is causing his governess — the British public. But
the antics of Mr. Moore though impish & impudent are
after all so extremely graceful that the governess, it is said,
sometimes hides ~~a smile~~ behind a tree to watch. That
scream of his; that cheery ~~melodious~~ garrulous chuckle like
~~like a nest~~ of little birds all chattering together, is
~~one~~ a h merry sound, & then how melodiously he draws
out his long notes when evening descends & the stars
rise! Always you will find him haunting the
the downs fading into
Quiet Evening, ~~the quiet foliage~~, the Irish shifts when ~~all~~ the colour is leaving
the strand is green
waves of ~~the~~ silver, never break over his head; ~~the~~ nature loves
them. The storming ~~never roars at him~~ the rain ~~never~~ or drenches him. No: the worst
~~that could~~ happens ~~would be~~ is that Teresa had not
filled the Moderator lamp sufficiently, so that the
company, which is dining out in the back garden
under the apple trees, must adjourn to the
~~drawing~~ dining room where Mr. Osborne, Mr. Hughes,
Mr. Longworth, Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, Mr. Atkinson, & Mr. Yeats
are awaiting them

his power of
thinking
prose

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65

At. ~~In that~~ There ~~with the impressionist pictures on the walls.~~
~~in the cigar smoke hanging thick there~~ they ~~they sit & talk.~~
by the ~~greases~~ bits
People's lives take their folds like stuff creased in the same place; &
this is the fold into which Mr. Moore's life falls wherever you
place it — ~~sitting~~, He sits & talks: ~~he~~ In ~~lud~~ Dublin, in
Paris, in the Temple garden, in Ebury Street, wherever there is a
penth a ding ~~place or a~~ he sits, ~~smoking~~, ~~discoursing~~. ~~talking since that~~
talking —

And there Mr. Moore ~~began but had no~~ beginning, can it
~~have an end? this It~~ ~~kettle~~ taking a cigar & offering coffee to the
friends begins — or rather takes up again the threads ~~the thread~~ of that
discourse which ~~never~~ is still ~~steadily~~. ~~we cannot~~ doubt,
~~in Ebury Street, in~~ wherever he happens to find himself
with a chair & a friend or, in Ebury Street
or rather continues, for his discourse surely knew no beginning
& can hardly have an end, that entrancing century alone ~~to~~ that interminable narrative, which
which ~~we could listen~~ that round him, & then
~~has~~ to talk, with the impressionist pictures to talk about
a cigar in his hand but not often alight his lovers, his
books, politics, friends, his cat, his garden, ~~what~~ of manners upon prints,
~~the~~ literature & dogma, for the atheist is like a crow, how
favour. Wagner, how Mr. Yeats is like a crow, how once he went on
Mr. Colville bred Belgian hares, raced to the ..., —
board a ship in Dublin & raced to the Chelsea Road — does it not
how he had a vision in the Chelsea Road — for listening
round easy? But not if one attends a moment. of the argument
~~attentively~~ one perceives that ~~each curve~~ of the cigar smoke
~~while~~ styles each spiral of as floats up like waves & wobbles & is
into the air. Effortless, & ~~disappears~~, & which blots out & is
succeeded by another, ~~a~~ ~~legend~~ ~~the case~~, the ~~is illusory~~. the smoke is
over comes ~~the last~~, ~~so~~ they do not disperse: they ~~are making~~ a by degrees,
~~Each of~~ they they unite, they compose, the
hang there, ~~like a cloud~~ a many chambered fantastic place, ~~a hot room~~, ~~for what is life~~, except
habitation ~~for soul~~ for a soul. & Belgian hares &
literature & cats & friends & visions,

to their chatter

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melting into each other

tipping sixteen shillings? It may not be dignified; it may not be ~~what~~ we should like to be ourselves; but
~~&~~ nothing ~~compose a life, not~~ are Mr. Moore, ~~that~~
And is there any greater triumph in the whole world than to be
Mr. whether Mr. Moore or another matters nothing; but to be
somebody? And is there any ~~greater~~ thing more difficult, in
a literature where to be dressed like other people. So that
gentleman be

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they build up by degrees a many-chambered fantastic dwelling place,
the habitation of a soul, & as we listen, in the Temple garden, in
Ebury Street, in Dublin, in Paris, to Mr. Moore discoursing we
are exploring ~~that~~ that fascinating, mysterious, always
unexpected & entrancing wilderness the mind of man.

"Now" ~~says~~ Mr. Moore "we were speaking about
Coleridge", & he goes ~~on~~ to say that to have written three or four
43.2 beautiful poems is not enough; "my primary interest
~~Mr. Moore has a test for books which we may~~
Let us then apply Mr. Moore's own test to Mr. Moore's own book.
What interests him in a writer he says, is not the fact that he
has written three or four beautiful poems; his interest is in the
mind that he brings into the world; by a mind I mean a
new way of feeling & seeing." ~~[illegible]~~ When the
fierce tides of talk once more rage round the battlements of
Mr. Moore's reputation, ~~to~~ one may, when the noise is ~~advance the~~ at its maximum.
contribute this to the discussion; he has not written even three or
four beautiful ~~novels~~: his ~~tents have no~~ ~~poles to them. he~~ has
~~his novels have no back bone~~ — his tents have no poles: but all the
~~same~~ he has brought a mind into the world; he has invented
~~[illegible]~~ a new way of feeling & seeing, ~~on~~ he has devised (very painfully.
~~for~~ ~~very~~ he is a most above all things ~~scrupulous~~ ~~conscientious artist~~) a means of
~~floating~~, liquidating this capricious & volatile ~~spirit~~, triumph,
essence of genius & that is, whatever the degree,
achievement, & immortality. And if we try to
establish the degree, we should go on to say that
we cannot put any one who is so inveterately literary
among great writers, for while ~~he~~ or has not the boldness ~~the~~
vigour the ~~profundity~~ to make or — for literature
has wound itself about him like a veil,
forbidding him the free use of his limbs. Still
he is, ~~what is he~~ ~~some of~~ & ~~who else~~ show few that can be
said! — a true born ~~son of the letters~~, a writer, a man who ~~prefers~~
~~writes~~ of fanatical enthusiasm, & recalls & because they
~~jealous~~ & regrets inadvertently & prostrates himself before
fetch the way of art, & Saint-Beuve; & is only ashamed
Turgenev & Saint Beuve; & has kept his
a boy ashamed,

scrupulous,
painstaking,

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freedom unviolated, & is naked & unproper & as innocent as a lamb — but & the ~~tat~~ with all its dullness & calms, he:

Here our first bewilderment begins, for there are many writers ~~names~~ — Mr. Dreiser; Mr Cabell, Miss Canfield, ~~Miss~~ Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Miss Hurst Mr Sinclair Lewis, Miss Willa Cather, Mr. Ring Lardner — all ~~speaking meaning us~~, all of whom, did time allow, we should like to explore these thoroughly. & if we choose, to ~~at~~ representative of American fiction three only — this ~~for this~~ for ~~no better~~ the reason than they have

2 if we must concentrate upon this because ~~as a~~ we would rather to ~~sketch~~ trace out a the broad outline of the fiction, rather
• To hazard some [illegible] tendency,
rather than any

Among

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Free from self consciousness, ~~with a~~ with a meeting
~~Ground~~ in which ~~his characters~~ can develop ~~themselves~~
~~naturally~~ with a natural goal,
And thus Mr. Lardner provides ~~what~~ something original
something indigenous to America, which the tourist
may ~~boast to as an example of American~~ art.
can carry off as a trophy. But ~~for~~ that the time
has come when ~~it is~~ some reckoning of experiences &
expenses should be made; &, ~~after our~~ the
results of the tour summed up.

~~There are two things~~
There ~~is a very young literature~~

Let us
But, at the ~~out~~ outset, let us not ~~look for any~~
admit that these impressions, are highly mixed, & the less
opinions to which they for ~~lead~~ ~~of anything~~ less definite, less
self assured, than those with which we started.
For when one considers the mixed origin of the
literature we are trying to understand, its youth its age,
& all those currents ~~of~~ which are blowing across
the stream of its natural development, we may
well exclaim that ~~A is simpler to read~~ French is
simpler, English is simpler, ~~Russian~~ all modern literatures
are simpler to understand than this ~~strange~~ new American literature ~~Our imperfection has shown~~ us
~~There is the~~ ~~One reason~~ ~~Or~~ ~~at the root~~ ~~one~~ that The
one ~~reason~~ ~~at~~ ~~There is at the root~~ A discord lies at the ~~strains~~ root of it: The
~~paramount~~ more sensitive the writer, the more he tugs away from
his natural anchorage. The deeper his love of literature
the more he ~~steeps himself in a~~ ~~lot~~ he must read of
English, & the more he must absorb the English
influence. Instead therefore of growing up ~~quietly~~
naturally at home, he is ~~uprooted &~~ all the time
Either accepting or repelling an influence which is

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foreign to his own natural bent. Those who accept – like
~~Mr~~ Henry James, Mr. Hergesheimer, Mrs. Wharton, accept too
unreservedly; they outdo the English in culture, in urbanity, in
all the grace & polish of civilisation. ~~But~~ Those who
reject ~~an~~ emphasise ~~their own racial charact~~
the difference unnaturally.

The natural bent of the American is crossed, ~~by a~~ early in life, by
~~another~~ a contrary influence. The more sensitive he is,
the more he must ~~steep himself in the literature which~~
read English literature: the more he reads English literature
the more ~~he feels that it is~~ ~~conscious he becomes~~ of its
~~for~~ he must feel ~~both that it is~~ the puzzle & the torment –
the perplexity of this great art, which ~~which it~~ uses the
language of his own life, to express ~~is faced~~ ~~on~~ an experience & in so many ways [so widely
~~[illegible] in a country~~, ~~so widely~~ differing ~~In what ways~~
~~from what he has felt; his own experiences his own impressions~~. The ~~more~~
~~The~~ from what he ~~himself~~ his own feelings ~~perceives~~.

record a ~~landscape~~ civilisation:

from his own

Choice has to be made whether to yield to it, or whether to —
resist it. The more sophisticated, ~~the~~ more pliant spirits
the Henry James, the Hergesheimers, the ~~Mr~~ Edith
Whartons, – decide in favour of England, & pay the
penalty ~~by that doubtless inimitable exaggeration~~ ~~they outdo~~ the
by exaggerating the English qualities; ~~they throw, in the~~ too heavily or in
~~English~~ culture, & ~~in~~ urbanity; & stresses the social order
~~wrong places, all those~~ those differences of a stranger, but by
the wrong places ~~&~~ are the
which ~~would be~~ the first ~~to~~ strike a stranger, but by
no means the most profound. What their work gains in
subtlety & ~~so~~ refinement ~~is~~ it loses from ~~that~~ with
perpetual distortion of values, that obsession with all
~~We can~~ can only refrain from calling Henry James, by remembering
~~his power~~ our admiration for him, a snob, ~~mistake~~
~~that to a stranger~~ ~~might~~ ~~felt~~ make that
the difficulties that beset him
the awkwardness of his position as a stranger. The
simpler & ~~more~~ ~~robust~~ writers – ~~the Andersons~~, the Walt Whitman,
Masters' the like Mr. Anderson.

perhaps a detachment, which ~~makes~~ may

how easily

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Mr. Mabie, — decade in favour of America, a little truculently. ~~They protest,~~ ~~they attitudinise;~~ ~~they~~ protesting, attitudinising, "showing off" as nurses say their ~~so~~ ~~difference their~~ newness, their independence, their diffidence. Americanisation. ~~There is too much~~ There are not healthy influences, as the French of Nature influence has been healthy for English literature because ~~[illegible]~~ the literature is still as yet too weakly & youthful to profit by them. ~~Now there is no need~~ But, ~~But~~ ~~All this~~ But ~~there are~~ some critics would ~~[illegible]~~ interfere, are we not making ~~differences~~ mountains out of molehills? The 'real American literature' in the time of Emerson, Hawthorne, & Lowell shewed ~~[illegible]~~ ~~very little~~ ~~none of the~~ was much of a piece with ~~nineteenth~~ contemporary English literature; & the present movement towards an ~~[illegible]~~ national literature is confined to a few extremists & enthusiasts who, as they grow old will see the folly of their ways. America will remain in its art a grateful ally of the British Empire. But we no longer can we accept this comfortable doctrine.

Both influences are ~~mainly~~ unwholesome, & inevitably hinder the development of the true ~~American~~ literature of the American people.

A new land & a new language.

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in the ~~face of Mr Lardner he can no longer suppose that~~
He can no longer deny that there are Americans who do not
care a straw for his good opinion;
Obviously there are American writers who do not care a straw for
English opinion, or for English culture; & exist very vigorously
none the less — witness Mr Lardner: there are Americans who
have ~~then~~ all the accomplishment of culture without a trace of
~~Effort~~ self consciousness — witness Miss Willa Cather — ~~we~~ the most
but, whatever else pleases importance
& , to ~~how can he deny~~ them, the shortest tour, the most
superficial inspection, must impress him with the
~~inevitable necessity~~ that ~~of~~ ~~absolute necessity~~ ~~that~~
of cleavage since writers are ~~fact that no body~~ fact that
where the land itself is so different, & the society so different, to
the literature must ~~differ~~ need differ, & come in process of time to
differ more & more from those of other countries. ~~Since~~
all literatures are ~~sensitive to one another~~ characteristics of American literature will
literature ~~of~~ What Elements American ~~Like all other~~
be composed it is too early yet to guess.
~~literatures~~, American literature will be influenced, no doubt,
like all others; & the English influence may well predominate.
But ~~how~~ can the English tradition ~~accommodate itself~~
~~to this~~ is already unable to cope with this vast land, cities —
these prairies, these cornfields — ~~these isolated cities~~
these lonely little groups of men & women ~~who~~
scattered at immense distances from each other — ~~has the~~
~~English tradition which tend men & now to~~ is moulded
to the ~~How could the~~ ~~An English household~~ ~~is it words~~ spring The English tradition is its taken in
formed upon a little country; an old house with many rooms each
~~crowded~~ crammed with objects & crowded with people, where ~~the most~~ people know each
other ~~so well that a nod will do instead of an introduction~~,
& the unhesitatingly, who are & are, if unconsciously
ruled all the time by ~~the~~ in their manners, in their thoughts, in their speech by the spirits of the past.

land —
lays

these vast
~~colon~~ industrial
cities where
science has

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~~That is the scene which the English have to describe, & this~~

~~Foolish & ungrateful as~~ it would be for ~~to~~ foolish & ungrateful into
the bargain for an English writer to complain; ~~obviously he will~~
~~get furthest by pressing his advantage to the full.~~ But
or ~~[illegible]~~
but there are moments – ~~& these new American writers~~
when this old civilisation seems to him very old; & to
add another brick to the pyramid of his literature very hard; &
society so riddled with & ransacked by observers that
there is little left for him to discover; & the beautiful language
which he has inherited a little ~~[illegible]~~ too redolent, while all
about him; in solemn phalanx gather the great & small to scorn [illegible] ~~perspicuous~~
company of professors & magnates, sitting ~~steeped~~ in the past &
of the present. But in America, ~~there is baseball;~~
instead of society, there is baseball; instead of the old
landscape which has moved men to emotion for endless
springs & summers, a new land, ~~undescribed~~, almost &
~~unknown~~; : &, ~~[illegible]~~ call it impudence or arrogance, who wishes
whatever one will, any man or woman
can add a word to the language ~~term of~~ at his
pleasure. Poppycock, rambunctious, flip flop, booster –
its tram cars, its motor cars its compulsory its gracious
flung disorderly about like a ~~[illegible]~~ mosaic of little
bits awaiting order at the artist's hand. And the race itself
is equally splintered: into ~~every nation is dumped here~~ a dozen ~~sates~~ fragments,
~~Swedes, Lithuanians, Italians,~~ To describe all this
~~met~~ ~~And already~~. Already the
a new art is needed, & a new language. [illegible] the English, ~~who have long~~
language is being made; & having themselves ceased to coin
~~lost the power of adding ne~~ ~~are indebted to A~~ are freshening their
new words, ~~are indebted~~ Poppycock. rambunctious,
speech with American.
flip flop. booster – these are the ~~van~~ first ~~comers~~ to come
of the new vocabulary; ~~&~~ ugly, brand new, vigorous
expressive, the essential

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And that both are coming we have certain proof for let us ~~when we~~ –
look at the language. The Americans are to doing what the
Elizabethans did – they are coining ~~they are~~ ~~making~~ new words, the
English reader has is ~~is~~ constantly ~~stumped~~ ~~to ask himself~~
~~what~~ is pulled up by some unfamiliar word –
poppycock, rambunctious, flip flop, boost –
~~ugly. expressive~~, they are instinctively making ~~taking~~ ~~their~~
the language adapt itself to their need. ~~That~~
~~to~~ ~~new~~ words to that ~~[illegible] them-pages~~ which the English reader
~~does not know~~.
~~does not~~ has to ~~look up in~~ guess ~~or to~~ the meaning.
it has frequently to ~~introduced some new words into English, but~~

In England ~~In Eng~~ ~~The war~~
~~The worse~~ the word coining power is dead, save for the
Save for the ~~few years~~ impetus of the war, the word coining
power has lapsed in England; our writers vary their metres,
~~to~~ ~~re~~ remodel the rhythms of prose, but one may
search ~~Eng~~ modern ~~literature~~ fiction in vain for a single
new ~~adjective~~ word. When we want to freshen our speech
we borrow from America; ~~we~~ "poppycock" or
rambunctious "flip flop," boosts – ~~how expressive~~ which creeps into
all the ~~Expr~~ expressive, vigorous slang ~~is taken from~~ later – in writing, ~~And~~ ~~A~~. Nor does
use among us, first in talk,
comes from across the Atlantic. And that where words are
it need much foresight to predict that for a purpose which
being made they are being made will be made out
of still obscure in them a literature
of them. Already ~~the~~ we hear the first jars ~~many~~ ~~people~~
~~melody~~.
dissonances ~~which~~ ~~prelude~~ ~~a new~~ of the prelude – the
~~are beginning to laugh in~~ an echo ~~of the~~
~~& as we shut our books & turn away~~ the ~~strange~~ sharp music,
rings ~~in our~~ in ~~through~~ our ears – ~~a strange~~ which will keep
strident, disagreeable, arresting, English security of
us aware in the depths of

points –

N.Y.P.L.

We hear the first loves & the first laughter of that young child ~~whom we exposed~~ who was exposed by its parents upon a rocky & inhospitable shore, ~~& is now~~ has survived solely by means of its own exertions, & is now about to come to man's estate.

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Ancestors.

1925
May 18th
~~see me~~
~~said~~ made
that silly
remark of his,
about
make
understand
somehow,

Mrs. Vallance ~~[illegible] [illegible]~~ as Mr. ~~Leake~~ ~~Laxenby~~ Renshaw who
~~had [illegible]~~ to ~~[illegible]~~ ~~to & went to speak to~~ ~~laughed,~~
~~Could not help~~ ~~longing~~ wished that she could ~~mention~~
say a something ~~little more~~ ~~dif~~ deadly, draw his attention somehow,
his to the fact, which was ~~after~~ so very obvious, ~~even~~, she
~~would have thought, to to the fact that~~ became
~~in~~ every moment more obvious at a party like this that —
~~well, but what? How could she express~~ that.
if her father had been alive, ~~it would not have been~~
~~all this~~ people ~~would~~ have realised how foolish, how wicked, — no
not so much wicked as silly & ugly, &
~~how very different~~ his views were, & his life, & her mother, &
how differently, entirely differently she herself had been
brought up. Size we all are
What ~~are we~~ doing, she said suddenly, cooped up
here in a room, the size of an oven when up in Scotland
where ~~she~~ was born — we should all be
And ~~then it~~ came over her in a rush, how she owed it to
~~the world to~~ must make people understand how her father & her
mother, ~~how~~ she, two she were, two, ~~felt~~ were quite different
Mr. ~~Ramsay~~ Renshaw said quite negligently, that he
had only stopped a night in Edinburgh once. Was she Scotch he asked
~~Then had he~~ ~~She wanted to say~~ I ~~am the daughter~~
~~My father. She~~
Then did he not know that she was ~~the daughter of~~
~~her father's daughter~~ Ellis? Really! he did not know then
~~that~~ who her father was; that she was ~~[illegible]~~ John
~~of~~ ~~Peter~~ Ellis Rattray's daughter & her mother was
Lady Catherine Macdonald, —

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One night in Edinburgh! And she had spent all those
wonderful years there – those at Elliottshaw, on the
Northumbrian border, – There she had run wild among the
currant bushes; there ~~she had~~ her father's ~~had said~~
friends had come, & ~~she~~ only a girl as she was, had
heard the most wonderful talk of her time; &
She could see them still, her father, Sir Duncan Clements,
Mr Rogers, sitting under the cedar tree. ~~Often they sat out~~
after dinner in the starlight, & ~~then they~~ talked:
~~about~~ everything in the whole world, it seemed to her now:
they ~~were too~~ large minded ever to laugh at other people:
they had taught her, ~~though she was only a girl, how~~ to
reverence~~, to~~ beauty. What was there beautiful in the
Stuffy London of worn? No.—
~~I hate to see~~ Oh those poor flowers!" she exclaimed,
for ~~a girl~~ ~~somebody~~ pink petals ~~was actually~~, a carnation or two,
~~having~~ were actually trodden ~~upon~~ under foot,
hot, she felt; Mrs ~~Renshaw~~ ~~after having grown up among~~ she &
~~lovely things~~, with people ~~who no one~~ cared as ~~she did~~
~~but she had~~ ~~them~~ ~~her~~ almost too much for flowers,
~~for they~~ perhaps. Her mother had loved flowers:
ever since she was a child she had been
brought up to feel that to hurt a flower was to hurt
the most exquisite thing in nature. Nature had:
always been a passion with her; the mountains, the sea.

(old Mr Rogers
was her old cat
of a Greek
type) ?
wit

for petals of flowers
all crumpled –
crushed

for ~~flowers~~,

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& there in London, one looked out of the window & saw more houses —
~~One had a dreadful sense~~ of human beings packed on top of each
other & It was an atmosphere in which she could not
possibly live; ~~but~~ honestly, ~~but then~~ she could not bear to see
~~the children playing in the streets. It made her cry.~~
~~For~~ to walk in London & see the ~~poor little babies~~ children's faces in the street —
~~She inherited her father's~~ she was perhaps too sensitive; but
one ~~could not live with such~~ life would be impossible if
everyone was like her, but when she remembered her own
childhood, & her father & mother, & the beauty & care
that were lavished on them, —

in the little loops.

What a lovely frock! said Jack John Renshaw;
and that seemed to her altogether wrong — a for a
young man to be noticing women's clothes at all.
Her father never ~~knew~~ ~~noticed what they wore~~ &
~~One could feel all through his~~ his attitude to women
~~that a kind of reverence~~, was full of reverence. / And it
~~did not seem to her a pretty frock in the least~~; & of all their girls
sister. but there was none
the girls ~~might~~ be pretty ~~ones~~; smart,
single one of them one could call beautiful — as ~~her~~ who
she remembered her mother, — her dear stately mother,
never seemed to dress differently ~~from~~ summer or winter,
whether they had people or ~~were~~ were alone, but always looked
herself in ~~some~~ lace, ~~with~~ ~~a~~ a black ~~dress~~ & as she
grew older a little cap. As when she was a
Then, when widow
widowed, ~~she~~ would sit among her flowers by the hour,
& she seemed to be more with ghosts than with thoughts all,
dreaming of the past, which is, Mrs Vallance thought,
somehow so much more real than the present; But why
It is in the past, with those wonderful men & women,
the thought, that I really live: It is they who know me;

but he never
thought of noticing
what they wore.

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The Elizabethan Home.
discovered in 2 dialogues.
The Haslewood Books. 12/6 n.

~~The methods~~

~~If the~~ The method by which the Elizabethans learnt French is singularly modern, if this modern to ~~combine~~ make learning ~~amusement~~ ~~with instruction~~ . . a pleasure. The Hugenot refugees Hollyband & Erondell taught the ~~little~~ Elizabethans by means of ~~books~~ dialogues, printed in English on one side of the page, & in French on the other; but these dialogues, far from being devoted to the pen of my uncle & the cat of my aunt ~~to~~ ~~give~~ are an ~~a~~ very amusing & vivacious ~~sketches of what the~~ accurate reports of what the Elizabethans actually said when they got up, dressed, & ate, went to Church, & ~~to~~ took their clothes off. ~~It~~ It is quite possible to be amused by their vivacity ~~even now~~, ~~without searching~~ at the same time ~~while at the same time~~ & to pick up the manner of their daily life which some ~~of these~~ ~~hints~~ inklings of ~~ordinary~~ is obscured in the literature of the time. ~~is not so simply revealed~~

& ~~That Elizabethan London was a small town & a~~ ~~that much of life was devoted to Eating~~ on a festival day the father of the family goes to hear the Queens men sing at S. Pauls; then to hear a sermon at Pauls Crosse, & comes home hungry to an find 15 or 16 guests waiting in the hall, to sit down to an enormous spread of meats & sauces & fish & peas, the cabbage is too salt for his liking, & a guest sends out to buy a quart of wine at the Rose at Temple Bar. The feast ends with singing, & then the children, who dine at a separate table, say grace, & repeat a lesson to their father, & they warm themselves at a fire of faggots & hear the bells ringing to evening prayer. & so depart.

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The maypole

~~the~~ This is all humanly amusing. Speaking antiquarianly, one
may remark the littleness of the town, ~~where you are bound to~~
~~seen~~ the largeness (no doubt exaggerated for the purpose of the
~~the~~ teacher) of the meals, the prevalence of music, & the charming
~~Grace~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ the endearments of some of the language ("my lover" the
wife calls her husband) & the ~~vigour of the~~ outspoken vigour
~~of the~~ abuse. ~~For ladies use~~, But this dialogue is
for men, For ladies use, Mr. Erondell wrote the

arch dis-[illegible] or
wine & food Chastity
perfectly

French Garden, where a Great lady of fashion is
followed throughout her day, dressing, & buying jewels
seeing to her children, walking in her garden, & the clothes with
How ~~it will be~~ & The splendour of the clothes in the house to
here be observed, the friendliness of everyone in terms of
warm & dress & serve the lady who is on terms of
far greater intimacy with her servants than we are;
then the fact that washing, ~~[illegible]~~ is takes place
when the whole body is tell with silver & gold & wh
jewels, & is apparently limited to the face, is scoured with
bender leg ~~Scoured,~~ is washed i a piece of scarlet:
paste of almonds & wiped with

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The Tale of Genji

by Lady Murasaki.

translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley.

Allen & Unwin. 10/6 n

The Lady Murasaki.

It was about the year 991

My readers will scarcely need to be reminded that Ælfric's
homilies were composed about the year 991; his
treatise upon the Old & New Testament being, as they are
aware ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ slightly later in date & ~~[illegible]~~ both ~~interesting~~ event
that obscure but profoundly
works [preceding ~~by several years~~ ~~that~~ the ~~accession~~
assumption by Swegen of ~~Denm~~ Denmark of the ~~the literature of the tone~~,
~~throne~~ of England. ~~It was then over~~, contorted
~~Croaking & coughing~~, Crabbed, ~~alliterative~~ & swollen with
~~Croaking & coughing~~ ~~or~~ with fits ~~&~~ the swamps, the
~~croaking & coughing~~; & contracted by the ~~[illegible]~~ of the British Isles,
fighting, & minds wolves
thickets the ~~wild beasts~~, the savages. ~~painfully~~ It was
~~It was thus that our ancestors~~ ~~down to~~
in these ~~circumstances~~ thus that our ancestors ~~applied~~ ~~set themselves~~ began their
~~produced those homilies, those chronicles, those~~ ~~that our~~ in
work; ~~down with their~~ ~~croaking~~ & coughing, & who can wonder if the upshot of all
most & difficulties, ~~superstitiously~~, ~~or~~ if among all
upshot of it all was perhaps in history, an awkward, insensible, elementary
that the seraphic ~~their~~ ~~tendency~~ is to reveal among
gave him pen, race of schoolmen. priests whose feet are cold & most
Yorkers. Eyes stung with smoke, & affections of the
primitive kind? Meanwhile, on the other
side of the world the Lady Murasaki was writing
"... among the leaves were white flowers with petals
half unfolded like the lips of people smiling at their
own thoughts." this Court lady ~~whose~~ about

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whom we know nothing, for Mr Waley artfully withholds all
information until the six volumes of her ~~great~~ novel are before us,
was sitting down, in her silks & embroideries, in ~~some~~ an [illegible]
ancient palace with many pictures, & flowers, & nightingales,
~~with~~ in the garden, where ~~every~~ impulse was controlled, ~~&~~
~~the civilisation~~ of many ages had already ordered
~~among~~ ~~human beings~~, ~~letting~~ ~~order~~ & when care & time had so
ordered life that the subtlest feelings, the most curious
desires of ~~human beings~~, were could ~~ex~~ tell, could
make themselves felt — she was ~~setting~~ sitting down ~~as only~~ ~~woman~~ tell the boys,
then, alone in the year 1000, to ~~describe~~ the life & adventures of ~~too~~ ~~must~~ ~~hasten~~ ~~to~~
Prince Genji. But ~~the~~ ~~is~~ the Lady Murasaki was no chronicler.
~~Correct then~~ the Lady Murasaki although we are
~~It is~~ ~~impossible to imagine~~
told that the first book of her story was read to the ~~one cannot imagine~~
Emperor in 1008, ~~it is~~ her listeners must have been highly
~~it is not a~~ ~~very~~ attentive, sophisticated people, who required no
Educated ~~united~~
tales of feats of strength, no to rivet their attention, no
catastrophe to ~~fasten their~~ surprise them, but
~~were delighted rather by the~~ listened intently to the
~~not on the contrary were fixed bound by~~ but moved, on the contrary,
upon the strangeness of man's psychology, upon his
desire for that which he cannot have, upon his
the beauty of falling snow, upon the longing for a which
life of tender intimacy, upon the attraction which
the fantastic & the grotesque exert beyond the simple &
straight forward. They relished to the full what the
Lady Murasaki meant, when, interrupting her ~~thread~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to
narrative for a moment, she ~~condemned~~ after the unexpected actions of the moment the
~~not content~~ ~~for a moment~~,
carver of girdle tops who seek only to surprise & astonish,
"But ordinary hills & rivers,
~~whereas, she went~~ on;

while the common life was sumptuously expressed in festivals & dances,

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The Lady Murasaki ~~had~~ behind her, ~~a~~ short, a ~~long~~ complete civilisation.
~~So that~~ ~~Already the~~ Safety & beauty lived indeed at one
of those seasons which are most propitious for the artist, &
particularly for ~~the~~ an artist of ~~the~~ her ~~feminine~~ her own sex.
~~Life~~ There was no war; ~~without~~ ~~centred in the~~
life was full of gaiety & ~~passion & beauty~~; ~~but~~ still,
~~She had no~~ The accent, ~~the interest~~ of life did not fall upon
war, ~~but~~ or ~~politics, but upon~~ the interest of ~~men~~ grown life
did not centre upon politics, but ~~they~~ the ways
~~free to paint a society, also unwinding~~ lightened ~~those as in some~~;

in ~~to~~ personal behaviour, in the relations of men & women, in poetry;

Relieved from ~~those~~ this violent pressure, ~~life~~ the flowed in channels
which were deep enough, but allowed this gently nurtured & ~~her~~
fastidious woman, with her hatred of bombast, her
her humour, her common sense, her passion for
the old houses & the wild landscapes, the sound of the
waterfall, & the mallets beating & the wild geese

moulded in bamboo frames,

screaming; ~~her~~ to bring all her powers into play
spontaneously. It was one of those seasons rare moment when
this ~~perfectly~~ natural for a writer to write of the ordinary things.
~~It was one of those rare~~ moments when ~~the writer~~ can
say openly ~~to her public~~, It is the common that is
wonderful, & if you let yourselves be put off by
extravagance & enthusiasm, mouthing, rant, &
then you are being ~~bamboozled~~ by the carver of idle toys.

Cheated out of the most precious

"But ordinary hills & rivers ....

And the Emperor & the Empress, & the ladies & gentlemen of the
court, & the ministers & the waiting maids & the
~~very~~ ~~ch~~ looking out upon the in their silk-mantles,
looking out upon the chrysanthemum & hearing the
wild geese cry, or seeing the snow load the tamarisks,
understood her perfectly. So she went with the

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the story of Genji, the marvellously beautiful young man, who danced the dance of the waves to perfection, & always loved those whom he could not possess, whose libertinage was tempered with the most perfect courtesy who had the most engaging ways with children, & preferred, as his women friends know, that the song should stop before he had heard the fill ~~enough~~. Such was her hero; but, ~~being~~ as the Lady Murasaki, being a woman, ~~lights him by setting him in the centre of~~ ~~women~~ set him ~~in the centre of~~ women. Asagao, Aoi, Murasaki, Utsusemi, Yugao, – the woman who was cold to him, the woman who died bewitched, the lovely child, the clumsy Princess with the red nose, the old court lady all ~~throw~~ cast back their light upon the Princes nature, & bring out its charm & devotion its romance, its fickleness, its caprice, its capacity for a selfish fantastic humour, & something beneath all – its bubbling & incessant vitality

let ~~illumined~~ him
by the light
of many women.

For it would have been easy to write, in a piece of delicate Japanese very easily imagine written, fragrant & artificial life.

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without this gift of invention, we might well fear that the
of the tale of Genji would run dry before the six volumes
are filled. With it, we need have not~~hing~~ take ~~of that kind to~~ of what sort fear, &
can take our station & wait for the ~~whole of~~ this new
star to ~~show itself~~ rise ~~fully above the horizon~~ shining in perfect confidence. the ~~without any~~
~~misgivings~~. She is going to be lovely, & big, & ~~bright~~. But it is
not going to be a star of the first order. ~~Her~~ The lustre is
silver rather than gold. She is a little pale, a little
~~pretty~~ peaceful, a moon Murasaki is not going to
prove herself the peer of Tolstoi & Cervantes ~~or~~ ~~of~~
those other giants of the ~~Western~~ world, whose ancestors were struggling
poaching for roots
with wild ~~poems~~ & arrows ~~hunted~~ when she was
looking through the palace windows at the flowers smiling
which ~~burst~~ unfold themselves "like the lives of people smiling
at their own thoughts." Some element of horror, of
terror, ~~&~~ of sordidity has been removed from the
~~her world.~~ this Eastern world which ~~seems~~ to
forbid ~~encourage their faultless taste, &~~ to ~~condemn~~ it to an exquisite
~~mix the~~ ~~wine with water.~~ ~~makes it impossible for~~
lassitude, ~~which which it makes~~ an unreproachable perfection, a
~~to a perfect~~ sobriety which ~~is not to be tempted by the~~
~~Grace which~~
~~is~~ infallibly puts away the
while it makes crudity impossible, & coarseness
out of the question, ~~smoother~~, takes the glow & colour
out, ~~all~~ ~~to~~ washes the gold with silver, mixes ~~the~~ the water
~~wine~~ with ~~water~~ the wine. But it is a beautiful ~~still~~

wine
with
water.

world. the great lady, with all her breeding & her perfect
~~fastidiousness~~ insight in her pen, is a ~~true~~ artist; & ~~in this~~
for years to come we shall all be wandering in her groves,
~~fantastic yet unsurprisingly sober world, where~~
watching her moons & ~~her~~ snowstorms, hearing the
wild geese cry & her [illegible] stamp, while the Prince

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whose extravagance is so controlled, whose wildness is so gentle, whose
whimsicality is based on such sound sense,

& following her Prince from one ~~experience~~ love to another,
through his dances & his loves, & all those
As he makes trial of all the queer things & tastes &
of life & dances with exquisite Glamour, & in
spite of all his gaiety & abandonment, never
~~relapses~~ passes the bounds of good taste, & loses the
his relish for something different, something finer, something
withheld.

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David Copperfield. Cont

When, in David Copperfield he parts the veil of the story &
steps forward in person it is to preach the value doctrine of the
2. 176. ~~hard work doing what one has to do~~ "steady, plain, hard-working
qualities" of punctuality, order, & diligence, of doing what one
has to do as well as one can do ~~it~~. Agitated as he was
by the most violent passions, ~~swarming~~ teeming with dreams ideas, & unable to
keep the dreams out of his head at night, he somehow
batten ~~batters~~ ~~them~~ them all down manfully" & 'comes before us. Both
in his writing & in his person. like "a prosperous sea captain"
~~who has~~ stalwart, weather-beaten, self reliant taciturn, ~~except when~~
with a great contempt for the finicking or ~~of~~ the failures.
His ~~to for the~~ sympathies ~~which is~~ indeed have strict
limitations ~~Fn~~. Speaking roughly, they fail him
whenever ~~a his charact~~ a man or woman has ~~ancestors~~ more
than two thousand a year, or can count his grandfathers
back to the third generation. They fail him ~~again~~ if, when he
has to ~~affect~~ treat ~~either in the 18th over the poor~~, those
~~Emotions which~~ of the mature emotions — the seduction
of Emily, ~~then~~ for example, or the death of ~~Steerforth~~, Dora,
whenever it is no longer possible when ~~the best~~ say he is no longer plunging about ~~in~~ in adventure
~~perfect~~ riot of oddities & extravagances, but ~~either~~ in the
~~centuary, there is no escape from~~ it is necessary to
be ~~quiet~~, still & intense, & profound. Then, indeed, he
fails grotesquely, & the ~~chapter~~ pages in which he describes
what ~~men &~~ women feel at the supreme moments of their lives —
anywhere the pages which describe the Mr. Peggotty or Ham, or Mrs.
Steerforth, are ~~always~~ of an indescribable ~~tedium~~,
~~an insufferable insincerity~~. unreality — of that
uncomfortable complexion which if we heard Dickens
talking so in real life, would make us either
blush to the roots of our hair, or ~~unable to control our~~
~~have~~ to dash out of the room to conceal our laughter.
"....tell him then, says Emily, that when I hear

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the wind blowing at night, I feel as if it was passing
angrily from seeing him a uncle, & was going up to
2.156 God against me". "The miserable vanity of these
Earth-worms!" she said. ... "Do you hear me, you
fairy spirit? What I say I mean to do ... Being
assisted by a gentleman who not long ago aspired to the
favour of your hand, I am sanguine as to that:
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They are, indeed, incredibles of stuffed, ~~made~~ wax, ~~wool~~ of horsehair, of
cotton wool.

So they declaim & maunder on – these ~~stuffed sea gulls~~,
these dummies filled with sawdust, these unlovely
properties of the third rate provincial stage.

But the greater the ~~creator~~ creator, the more derelict those
the regions where his power fails him – ~~The & what is~~ all about them
~~& the greater the creator the more~~
fertile lands are deserts where not a blade of grass grows. –
swamps where the foot sinks deep in mud.
This one of their miracles, however, of these great geniuses
that while we are under their spell we see the
world a different shape. ~~When we read~~ Dickens we forget
remodel ~~all that~~ our psychological geography: &
we forget that ~~good women are sometimes clever~~; that
~~the most tremendous things in life are often~~
~~people~~ we have ever felt the delight of solitude, or observed
with wonder the intricate emotions of our friends, or
luxuriated in the beauty of nature. ~~The world he~~
~~presents us~~ That sinks below the horizon. What
~~enough is~~ is seen above it is enough; ~~it~~ it would be
not only to engross our attention, but to ~~provide us with~~

Make us believe that

~~the illusion that~~ we have got everything necessary for the
necessary for our nourishment. ~~all we~~
Micawber, Betsey Trotwood, Nadles – ~~all~~ these take
fill our minds & reorder the universe. & make
us quite content to believe that this the abounding,
queer, infinitely vigorous, lively, & animated place,
~~where character of other character villains~~ of violent
emotion & queer character, of villainy & virtue, of
astonishing coincidences & ~~immeasurable~~ oddly
whole ~~wickedness~~ of ancient houses, & terribly
grotesque character which Dickens ~~he~~ sees it.

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~~Given a certain force~~. Moreover, ~~but neither~~ disregard the signposts to the pathetic, & that emotion ~~is~~ comes unexpectedly — when Peggotty kisses on one side of the door, & David on the other, kiss the door key: or if one wants subtlety, there is a remorseless, odd dispassionate considering love of truth which splits ~~the old emotion in two &~~ open a commonplace emotion in a surprising way. For instance when David who is overcome with sorrow for his mother looks into the glass to see how red his eyes are. But all

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some scene under an arch
or on a high road,
this man's nose, that man's limp, how ~~inevitably~~ how
Mr. Micawber, ~~calling~~ ringing for a lemon & a ~~bowl~~ ~~with the~~
utmost skill ~~proceeds to brew punch~~ entirely throws off
his load of care. & ~~is~~ above all some gigantic &
dominating figure, some character so stuffed & swollen
with life. ~~that he has only to open his life & at once~~,
~~was~~ that he ~~is~~ does not ~~breathe~~ quite singly & solitarily ~~only~~ but wherever he goes
~~there~~ springs ~~into~~ up ~~the scene which~~ a whole
~~in~~ swarm & ~~as the Micawbers~~ the room is full, the voices are loud, the
lights are bright & everything is in full swing.
Presumably Mr. Micawber did sometimes pull on his
nightcap & lie staring at the ceiling; ~~But sometimes~~
the Dicks, the Peggottys, the Traddles must sometimes
have been alone. But it is almost impossible to
dissociate ~~them from~~ detach them from ~~their the~~
large supper ~~parties~~, ~~from~~ extraordinary confabulations,
~~from the~~ adventures & their kind, or to imagine
~~them in~~ them except as they are
but it is not easy to imagine it. Every ~~quality he has~~
~~seems to be floated out flying out the flood~~ of his ~~speech~~: seem to flood his
speech, action, the tumble & rout of his ideas, in him, so that
we are
borne afloat ~~off~~ off every quality in his accustomed way
while he holds forth in his accustomed way we are
not only surprised at every moment by the prodigious
fertility of his invention; but also onlookers
observers, of someone not cautious that he is
observed, & ready with the comment which
is sometimes drawn from Dickens himself. It
seemed so extraordinarily characteristic of him
that he should say that. ~~something of this~~
Among all Dickens' profusion
~~there is, of course,~~ of gifts, the one which helps most to start ours

that but seems
to create for
his own
realisation
a host of others

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our imagination ~~at work~~ alive at any rate ~~at~~ in the first place is
the incredible accuracy, the unflinching sincerity of his eye.
As he often repeats of David Copperfield, "I looked at nothing
that I know of, but I saw everything." He saw Uriah Heep
"breathing into the pony's nostrils, & immediately covering
1. 225 them with his hand, as if he were putting some spell
upon him": & for ever after that little moment of vision
mingles with our knowledge of ~~the~~ the lean faced ~~red haired~~ man
"who had hardly any eyebrows, & no eyelashes, & eyes of a
red-brown." He looks so & ~~no author~~ so gives us
the ~~impression~~ ~~that he~~ is ~~at times~~ ~~in spite of all his~~
~~sentimentality, he can~~ at ~~whether~~ ~~one~~ the sanity of
vision & its characteristic aloofness which gives him,
Unrealising Everything, for all his sentimentality, ~~some~~ a coldness, ~~as~~ an a
detachment which is never utterly ~~its~~ sincerity. when
upon his mothers death "I stood upon a chair when
1. 128 I was left alone, & looked into the glass to see how
red my eyes were, ~~to~~ & how sorrowful my
face was!"

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~~[illegible]~~ ~~There to create is~~ ~~this is that~~ this is power which cannot fade, or
fail in its effect — the power not ~~so much~~ to
make ~~people whose~~ analyse or to interpret, but to make
produce, apparently without thought or effort — or
calculation of the effect upon the story, ~~of~~ [one
~~person~~ ~~after another~~, men & women of incredible
vitality, who exist, not in solitude, not ~~in the~~ ~~accurate~~ detail
~~[illegible]~~, but in ~~some~~ one astonishing flight of imagination ~~never~~
after ~~another~~. ~~Great bubbles of speech, those~~ extraordinarily
~~in rest~~] for a cluster of wild & yet
revealing remarks ~~which~~, which combine to produce
men & women of incredible vitality, who exist not in
solitude, & not ~~in~~ detail, not accurately or
exactly, but in ~~one~~ an astonishing ~~flight of imagination~~
~~after another~~. ~~outburst of talk~~ cluster of queer sayings.
To pretend that for such beings as Wilkins Micawber the
pinnacle of life exists ~~who~~ in some profound psychological
scene would be absurd. ~~Among the~~ ~~splendidly~~ opulence & ~~affluent~~ ineffectiveness ~~to Wilkins~~
Micawber and his ~~apparent~~ Micawber pouring
has a strange effect. As we listen to
merrily forth & sending always some new way of ~~we come to~~
~~conveying~~ ~~expressing~~ conveying his character, ~~wegful~~ that we are watching quite
feel, as we feel in real life, ~~so that~~ & that this
some one who really exists, ~~in~~ remark, as he two letters to the
natural for Dickens to ~~say~~ & that we can ~~[illegible]~~ ~~hoard up~~ one of those wild sayings
lay aside to us, of some
mark down, for private examination one of those wild sayings
which, though Micawber himself does not know it, ~~one~~ That
~~throw the~~ light up the depths of his character. where emotion —
being so, why trouble if the scenes down completely?
psychology are to be expected, let us we have to
like all fine writers go certain features an Dickens ~~gives~~.
~~we should~~ find beauty & complexity in the wrong
know where to look for them.
places. The

not accurately or exactly,

but in a conglomeration of bubbles.

a bubble climbing on the back of bubble, as the bubbles of the greater jets then

treat in turn a creature.

not draw this or that as extraordinary illuminating —

only, as we are in another convention

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~~Dickens seemingly~~ But it is true that as we read David Copperfield again, a ~~wildness~~ of something wild & wasteful strikes us. something, too, for all the rumours of his sentimentality, ~~at sufficiently he~~ hard hearted. With such a power at his command, able to create characters wherever his eyes rested, calling them up indeed at ~~first solely by the~~ chiefly in every detail with astonishing pictorial accent — for what a part an impression Miss Dartle's white scar, & Uriah's singed redness ~~make upon~~ in our conception of them — ~~it is by these that~~ ~~his books~~ David Copperfield is not ~~so much~~ a ~~a~~ narrative, or an straightforward story ~~fi~~ so autobiography ~~it is not a~~ ~~tends to become~~ or David Copperfield ~~is~~, ~~more than anything else~~, a tends to become a bunch of separate characters, loosely held together, sometimes indeed most arbitrarily brought into relation. When ~~in the~~ ~~Dickens~~ the story flagged, ~~we~~ ~~felt the need of freshening his story~~, he instead of tightening it or ~~Dickens did not~~ to push urge his books along ~~not by~~ by the ~~effec~~ extravagant & wasteful method of creating fresh characters. The interest flags, he creates Miss Mowcher ~~with such~~ as vigour, ~~such~~ by completeness, as if she were to play a ~~whoever are prepared for~~ very large part in ~~what~~ the book is ~~whereas she is hardly~~ whereas, once ~~Needed~~ ~~the~~ ~~l instead of appear~~ created, she vanishes. But ~~in~~ David Copperfield, ~~the~~ of the ~~there is~~ is then most harmonious novels, & still not only infinitely readable, but moving, ~~without a single~~ ~~straight~~ not for its poetry or its beauty or its feeling for nature or its philosophy, but ~~for its~~ because it envelopes the wildest creations of the strangest ~~sentiment & the~~ human beings in an ~~atmosphere~~ of youth, of hope, of the beginning of things. What an atmosphere, in short.

so that they are branded upon our eyes before we ~~know~~ ~~have~~ knew anything about them,

play

Dickens's Kindred

Contend

Complete & alive to the last detail

there is no work for them to do

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Memories & Reflections
by Laura, Lady Troubridge.
Heinemann. 10/6n.

In the early years of the nineteenth century a corpse,
~~imperfectly~~ ~~burst its~~ ~~bound for England~~,
~~shot into the air~~ burst the coffin which
imperfectly contained it on the deck of an
East Indiaman bound for England & shot ~~into~~
high into the air. The sailors, it is said, had drunk
the ~~spirit~~ ~~which~~ spirit dry; the widow, it is said,
died upon the spot. What remains of certainty is
that the corpse ~~was~~ the corpse of James Pattle; that
his wife was a French lady; that they left
ten daughters of surpassing beauty & one daughter of
undoubted genius; & ~~that Lady Troubridge~~
~~is the descendant of the~~ & that without James Pattle.
~~Lady Troubridge would never have been.~~ ~~to~~ Lady
a great many ladies ~~famous~~ of beauty & charm –
rank & character including Lady Troubridge herself
would never have existed been. The first chapter ~~they had~~
which describe the Pattle daughters, are the most
amazing of her book. Of the seven sisters one became
the wife of Henry Thoby Prinsep, From her
so gifted, so eccentric a stock, Lady Troubridge is never
sprung, ~~her anecdotes of the seven sisters~~ we are
made aware as we ~~her~~ read the first & most amazing
Chapter of ~~Lady~~ Troubridge's recollections. To be a
small child in the ~~midst~~ heart of ~~that~~ Pattledom (as
Sir Henry Taylor christened the sisters Empire) was

whose father,
page to Marie
Antoinette
was banished
to ~~French~~
Pondicherry

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a fascinating if bewildering experience. There was Aunt Virginia who was so beautiful that Watts had only to paint her ~~standing very stately in a simple grey dress with parted hair~~ for young Lord Somers to fall head over ears in love; there was Aunt Julia who was / They were all tall, & with one exception, all beautiful. They were all unconventional, all romantic, extreme. ~~some so~~ ~~Aunt Mia was severe~~

with a picture of her

They went from one extreme to another; now in the fervour of hospitality a window ~~was~~ would be ~~knocked~~ made to cheer an invalid; ~~now a laundry~~ now in the fervour of religion a laundry would be set up to wash the surplices of the choir & clergy. ~~Telegram was~~ Lady Troubridge, ~~was~~ ~~born~~ by the daughter of a Prinsep & a Gurney, was brought up ~~largely~~ in ~~her grandfather~~ the very centre of the sisterhood, ~~at Little~~ in the Prinseps ~~House~~ home at Little Holland House. ~~There she~~ was ~~In this large~~ have now taken the place of ~~house~~ several villas house & garden large enough to shelter several families; to provide Watts with rooms & studios, ~~dining~~ up to dinner parties ~~seated~~. Entertain in its ~~at~~ garden ~~parties~~ & all the notabilities of the time. As innumerable, the sisters were unconventional ~~hostesses~~, but ~~hostesses~~ enthusiastic hostesses. ~~Their French blood~~ ~~all Mrs Cameron's friends were~~ geniuses; ~~Praising &~~ Fulminating & praising, now in paroxysms of rage because it was the day for the Indian post & now in a ecstasy of adulation, roaring the walls of a German visitor. "And here" said Mrs C. "is G.F. Watts, the greatest painter in the whole wide world!" "He turned aside, & in a voice "I subscribe not guttural with anger said indignantly to that opinion. Also in Germany very good painters have we!" "They seem to me very

all excitable & all

Tennyson

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hurrying Tennyson up the back stairs to

to

With their French blood & their disdain of English conventionality wh. was mixed with an extraordinary passion for making rules,

2

25

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Swift's ~~the~~ Journal to Stella (Cont.)

~~When he wrote to Stella however~~,   without hesitation or vanity
He scribbled it all down to Stella as ~~a matter of course~~.
~~It~~ ~~That he should command & domineer was no~~
~~For it was~~ that he should command & dictate
& make people do his bidding was a matter of
course, a fact that ~~surprised~~ called for no comment,
on the part of either of them. ~~To both of them~~,

on his part or hers.

He was the same man whether he had ministers &
ambassadors to deal with ~~about Treaties of peace &~~
whether he was
~~affairs of~~ or farmers & vestrymen, whether he was
~~attending~~ to a treaty of peace, or ordering a hedge to be mended,

arranging

~~All that~~, ~~The power~~, the But ~~the powerful man~~
~~to without~~ ~~tyrannical~~, ~~uncompromising~~, ~~harsh~~. ~~And~~, as ~~always~~,
masterly. ~~He was the same man~~ ~~he~~ there was
in spite of his insatiable appetite for power, ~~It~~ He simply ~~dispact~~ dwelt upon his ambition, nor
no one ~~more~~ gloated
~~success~~ triumphs to her, nor ~~coveted over~~ cared, even at the height of his
~~troubled to~~ ~~tried to conceal~~ he was   all that was
mean, to avoid at the expense without ~~useless~~
known to both of them; & so, without those precious
ceremony or concealment, he could use the first thing on waking in
moments late at night or ~~chatter of the things that did~~ tell her ~~how~~
the morning to how Patrick had been drunk
what he spent on coal, & what he had paid for
again, where he had dined & St James' Park were
dinner, whether the lime trees in his willows,
cut, & how he longed for Laracor & his "& to hear
how Harley called him Dr Thomas Swift" & stuck it
him, & Lady Berkeley stole his hat

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on another ladies head, & how he had caught a another Cold, or
woken in the night & heard burglars, & dined with ~~he~~ his
brethren at their Society, & ~~had~~ met the Lord Rivers walking
in the Mall, & ~~was~~ 'the poor lad Harrison' was dead in
want, & the Duke of Hamilton killed early that
morning in Hyde Park & again ~~& let~~ Stella must walk
for her health, & read good books, & would that he were
with her, & so he would be soon, for the
Government, he began to suspect, would do nothing for him
after all. & "I have no shuddering at all to think
of returning to my old circumstances, if you can be easy
& yet, when the end comes, & the only office he gets is the
457 Dean of St Patricks, ~~"I confess~~ he does not feel joy at
passing my days in Ireland — "& I confess, I thought
the ministry would not let me go; ~~as~~ but
perhaps they can't help it".

So do the ~~great he might seem awful &~~ the world knew his greatness; but
~~the great man prattled away at his ease~~, & Stella his littleness.

To Stella he was an irascible, exacting; very hungry: ~~very~~
coarse, ~~smoker~~ extremely suspicious of peoples motives: Nobody
~~Relaxed his~~ He had no illusions of ~~any kind~~.

that the same &
his littleness:
& yet how good
he was to
with the Dig of
Hamilton
a good fellow
Harley feared him

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the whole story, in short, of his charities & meannesses, his affections, ambitions & ~~suspicions~~, dependencies.

~~With such constant~~ ~~Not only had she no cause for jealousy~~ With such proof ~~constantly~~ before her of his ~~love~~ affection ~~proofs~~ openness & ~~care~~, familiarity, Stella had no ~~[illegible]~~ cause to be jealous ~~for~~ jealousy; ~~but~~ rather indeed ~~what~~ Rather, ~~indeed~~, if she read the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~days story~~ ~~daily~~ ~~journal~~ ~~[illegible]~~ pages in which he ~~[illegible]~~ himself so frankly, so carelessly, that she could see him & hear him & figure exactly what impression he made as he went his ~~way among~~ ~~all~~ these ~~[illegible]~~ new ~~[illegible]~~ admiring ~~& astonished~~ ~~crowds~~, she fell more deeply in love, ~~[illegible]~~ or if that were impossible, ~~marvelled~~ admired him more.

the fine people in London;

There were people who said he was stingy. ~~But who~~ & so he ~~did not care~~ took no pains to hide that fault when he dined with ~~On every page~~ She could ~~see~~ see him giving "poor Patty Rolt" a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country"; though he would pull the coals off his own fire in a rage at Patrick's extravagance, & scandalise the Lords with whom he dined by complaining of the expense of the dinner. She ~~could~~ alone knew how he helped & protected the 'poor lad Harrison'; & was worried over his illness, & got him cared for, & took him a hundred pound only to find that ~~it was too late~~ & he was dead, ~~&~~ an hour before. "Think what grief this is to me! .. I could not dine with Lord-Treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening." And then, in his masterful way, he ~~all Harrison affairs~~ must take all Harrison affairs upon his shoulder, order ~~as~~ the funeral as economically as possible, see the mother, keep the money ~~&~~ out of the clutches, — Indeed, everyone in trouble seemed to ~~set~~

24

428

42?

Come ~~defend~~ on him; partly ~~because~~ as any child could see, ~~he~~ his beam,
~~had~~ ~~passions~~ sympathies boiled within him, partly because
no man was ever & more ~~vigilant & more~~ caustic, & more
drastic & ~~swifter~~ quicker to riddle with ridicule any
exaggeration, any trifling or luxuriating with grief. He
"People will pretend to grieve more than they really do,
& ~~that~~ that takes off from their true grief" he said, &
rung ~~chid~~ Lady Betty Butler & her mother ~~for~~ wailing together. ~~I~~ It was
415 ~~he who went~~ to the duchess of Hamilton ~~when the~~
that morning when the Duke [illegible] was killed in Hyde Park &
sat with her two hours, ~~as she~~ & heard her rage &
storm & rail; & ~~for~~ he who prevented them from
moving her to a room where " she must have been
tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers". ~~or~~ And he
393 "She has moved my very soul" he said; when young Lady Ashburnham died,
& "I hate life" he said, (when young & to see
when I think it exposed to such accidents; & to see
so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while
such as her die, makes me think God did never
intend life for a blessing."

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~~She~~ Everybody ~~came to him when they were in trouble.~~
~~And then~~ she could call up ~~that~~ was the strange scene ~~of~~
~~when~~ in that November morning when the Duke [illegible] of
Hamilton was killed in Hyde Park & Swift sat with
~~the~~ the Duchess for two hours, & heard her rage &

& figure the

storm & rail; ~~Better than anybody~~ she could
figure there in that moment of horror ~~his interim & his understanding~~ ~~& the counterpart~~
~~way in which~~ he ~~took~~ control of the & took the
management of the her affairs too upon him, arranging this —
that, ~~considering her~~ as if it were his natural office.

for "she has a diabolical temper"
none could dislocate
& his place in the ~~central chamber of the~~ house of mourning.

"She has moved my very soul" he said. "That life" he
wrote when young Lady Ashburnham died.

And then in his own ~~fanatical~~ peculiar way, he would ~~turn~~ round upon the put a stop to this
emotion, part the Duchess of Ormond & Lady Betty Butler who were
crying together, & say how "People will pretend to grieve
more than they really do, & that takes off from their true
grief." ~~But~~ But The Swift she

mourners & put
& pierce their
emotion.

If anybody knew him, it was Stella. ~~very own Swift~~ ~~Swift has been like all~~
knew was, ~~irrefutably~~, in her someone at once
~~friend~~, her ~~father~~ tutor, her protector,
who cared for her

~~Beneath all else lay this~~ Yet though the
gloom was there, & the savage intolerance of any kind of
pretence, ~~to Stella he was~~ when ~~as he~~ wrote to Stella ~~after all~~ ~~like all~~ after all
~~he was different~~ to Stella ~~after all~~ by no means very
he showed himself ~~different~~. &, genial, benignant,
fatherly, brotherly, now teasing her about her spelling,
now rating her about her health; ~~he never~~ If he had
Stella ~~had been his only correspondent~~ ~~the~~ the Swift
we know would have been a very different man. For

smouldering
beneath

ready to blaze

one
a man who loved

written only to

NYPL

Like all good ~~correspondents~~ letterwriters Swift ~~was~~ ~~tried~~ took the colour of the person he was writing to; ~~sufficiently at least, to~~ ~~he became~~ ~~lived when he wrote, the life he~~ he was with her, when he wrote to her, he was sitting with her & Mrs Dingley; he was taking his cue from her, & letting her influence stimulate & check him, though he was in ~~Ryder~~ Chelsea Street, & she ~~in~~ ~~Dublin~~ over against St Mary's Church near Capel Street in Dublin.

Saying the sort of thing he would have said in her presence;

~~And~~ They had had many happy hours together. "Don't you remember ~~how~~ ~~I use~~ ~~One cold morning~~ I used to come into your chamber, & turn Stella out of her chair, & rake up the fire in a cold morning, & cry uth, uth, uth!" & also Then Stella was fond of making puns — ~~so~~ as Swift was. ~~for the smaller of that.~~ When he made a very bad one, & "Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard," "I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's ~~I ever~~ that ever I heard." — ~~for~~ She was witty too.

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was dining with
the Lord Treasurer &
~~Swift~~ Prior.

& the ribbons she
refused.

fearlessness in
saying what
she thought.

&

And she was very witty, & made very bad puns wh. came to her mind when he
And she made puns, & was very ~~wit~~ witty. They had a fund of memories
in common. ~~S~~ ~~Swift had~~ ~~the stamp of~~ Swift's ~~was~~ all
~~influence was~~ Swift ~~had~~ influence~~d~~ was everywhere in her
life, in the ~~books she~~ in her mind, in her affections, ~~influencing~~ leading
her ~~to read this, to~~ in the books she read, in the friends she
made, so that, indeed, he ~~o~~ was half responsible for her.
That might be true, & yet the woman he had chosen was
no ~~a~~ insipid ~~girl, who who~~ ~~o~~ slave; ~~he~~ ~~it was she who~~
but a character ~~capable of~~ ~~which~~ capable of independents
~~o~~ ~~judgment, & reserve,~~ & judgment, ~~reserved~~, ~~a~~
~~rightly~~ a severe critic; ~~a~~ for all her grace & wit, indeed
a little formidable, with her
~~a lover of truth & honour,~~ love of plain speaking, & her
~~hatred of what was not~~
~~h~~ ~~cost~~ ~~determination to fearlessness in speaking~~ ~~She was~~
uncourtly in speaking out her mind.
~~badly off, &~~ ~~forced to live simply for she was~~ ~~She~~ her
~~A~~ Without much money & feeble in health,
way of life was of the very modest simplest; ~~people coming to her lodgings~~
~~she could not entertain much or travel far~~, &
to talk ~~She could not entertain~~
the society which gathered about her & came for coming
the ~~simple~~ simple pleasures of an afternoon or evening's
talk when for the ~~pleas~~ delight of ~~being with a~~ ~~so charming~~ a
~~woman & whose~~ of being in the presence of & helped her guests,
woman, who listened, ~~who~~ & understood, who — said very
little in the most agreeable of voices, ~~at~~ but generally
the ~~b~~ best thing ~~that was~~ of the evening said. ~~For the rest~~
For the rest, she was not perhaps
~~with her~~ Her ~~faults~~
very learned. Her health had ~~been an obstacle~~, &
prevented her from serious study, & her reading, though
wide, did not stick in her mind. She had been
extravagant as a girl, & flung her money about, until
her good sense took control of her, & she lived with the

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utmost frugality, ~~never~~ dressing very simply, & but contriving
from the sums she laid by both to help the poor & to bestow
Craig upon her friends, ~~for this~~ it was an extravagance she could not
552 resist,) the most "agreeable presents!" indeed. Swift never knew
her equal in that art, "although it be an affair of as
delicate a nature as most in the course of life." A present, she defined, ~~Her definition~~
is recorded, that a present is "a gift to a friend of
something he wanted, or was fond of, & wh. could not
be easily ~~be~~ gotten for money!". ~~From~~ Such ~~an~~
then was the influence that worked on Swift, & the memory
that mingled with ~~her~~ the thought of the fruit trees & willows &
the river with the trout in it, which came to ~~her~~ mind
in London when he saw the trees come to leaf ~~in the Park~~.
Behind all this, he had a retreat, & if the ministers
& the politicians still wrangled again played him false & after making his friends fortunes he
went without himself, then after all he could retire ~~& live~~
to his old circumstances, & live in Ireland, & have "no
265 shuddering at all" at the thought.

But Stella did not press him.

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But Stella was careful not to press her claims. None
knew better than she that ~~for all his~~ he loved power, & loved
society, & ~~loved the to be at the centre of hated & above all~~
hated with ~~savage~~ a ~~ferocity~~ vehemence that ~~turned him~~
made a savage of him on the spot any interference with his
liberty.
~~& to be at the centre of in the thick of affairs;~~
~~so~~ ~~however~~ & ~~would turn with a vehemence that made~~
&, in his ordinary mood, ~~infinite~~ infinitely preferred/ the just intrigue & bustle &
~~power~~ of London to ~~the~~ all the streams & ~~willows~~ –
cherry trees in the world. Above all, he hated
interference. ~~His liberty & his independence were~~
If anyone ~~had~~ laid a finger upon what he considered his ~~or in any way infringed~~ ~~hampered~~ his independence, he
liberty, ~~or in any~~ way ferocity & ~~behaved with a~~ brutality
~~turned savage at once~~. & on the spot. Harley and dared
which made a savage of him ~~Jane~~ Miss Waring as ~~dared~~ to
to offer him a bank note. with the obstacles to their marriage were
~~suggest that they~~ hint that, the obstacles. But Stella knew better. Even in a
~~not~~ removed. ~~coming back~~ returning to Ireland,
matter like this, of staying in London, or the other way to work.
She ~~was so careful not~~ to went the other & was so careful to ~~see his~~
~~She was so careful to~~ & see the question from his
~~give him~~ liberty & ~~to~~ see & ask nothing for herself
angle, to allow him every latitude & ask ~~by the little reward that~~ "your
that she was rewarded; ~~by the~~ Swift was a little
~~generosity makes~~ me mad;
irritated. "... your generosity makes me mad; you
I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you
think he has broken his word, of coming in
three months, & that this is always his trick:
& now Stella says, she does not see possibly how

hunted the [illegible]
[illegible] the earth

turned upon
them. ~~with~~ a
King ~~Queen~~
man or woman,
~~King~~ great or
small,

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I can come away in haste, & that MD is satisfied. &c An't
you a rogue to overpower me thus?". ~~And so the~~
~~So she kept him~~; It was thus that she ~~kept him~~. Again &
again he burst out into language ~~of they most~~ intense affection which was almost
that of love; ~~tells her that~~ exclaimed ~~how~~ "Farewell dear
sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace & quiet with
MD, & nowhere else... Farewell again, dearest
rogues: I am never happy, but when I write or
230 think of M.D. I have enough of courts & ministers."
"You are as welcome as my blood to every farthing I have
in the world: & all that grieves me is, I am not
181 richer, for MD's sake..." ~~It seemed as if the~~ ~~But who of what sort is~~
thought ~~of them Stella & made up~~ ~~But he never spoke to her alone~~:
the love that is addressed to .MD
it was always dearest sirrahs, dearest lives: ~~He~~
stood for Stella & Rebecca Dingley together. Why should a
Grant that this was for form's sake merely, why should a
form be necessary? Grant that Mrs Dingley ~~had her wh~~ about household
tobacco & her lapdog, was always busied never listened to a
cares & ~~though~~ she asked questions ~~still~~ Stella ~~never~~ saw
word that was said to her still, Stella never saw Swift
scarcely counted ~~it~~ still
except in her company.

But it was always both of them together -

Grant that the love & form

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Still why should this ~~formality~~ be necessary? What ~~was it~~
~~that~~ divided them, & ~~[illegible]~~ kept these "perfect friends"
at arms length?, ~~with a third between?~~ ~~Stella knew but the~~
~~secret was buried with her.~~ The secret, what Stella knew, &
Stella did not impart. ~~She went to her grave in silence, &~~
~~Only, as the bond was~~ as nothing bound them, ~~both were~~
~~alive to~~ there was no certainty ~~in the relationship, &~~
as she ~~read what~~ But, as no bond bound them,
as it was her care not to lay ~~not~~ the least restriction upon her
friend, all the more ~~carefully &~~ jealously must she have
searched, ~~without giving any~~ into his words, ~~into~~ his conduct,
to ~~seize the~~ ascertain the temper of ~~their~~ his mood, ~~to~~
~~to~~ & acquaint herself with the slightest change.
~~There was nothing in the Journal to rouse her~~ so long as
suspicion. ~~She had no reason to fear not that is~~
he told her frankly of his "favourites" ~~his~~ & presented
herself as the tutor the counsellor, the bluff moralist
~~me~~ he required every lady to
who ~~gave ask that every~~ ~~lectured & advised~~ &
make advances to him; & ~~carried on a~~ engaged their teasing but never
then ~~lectured them &~~ Lady
who lectured fine ladies & let them tease him:
Betty Butler might steal his hat; the Duchess of Hamilton, ~~always~~ who
might lay bare her agony; ~~But~~ & Stella, ~~was~~ second,
~~Kind to the~~ was kind to ~~the faults~~ ~~her sex~~ ~~suffering~~ with the other. ~~But~~
laughed with the one & felt with the other. much more disputable.
A ~~different~~ sort of influence was
& ~~far uglier~~ ~~the~~ the real But were there traces in the
Journal of a different sort of influence? – something far
more dangerous, ~~because~~ because more equal, & more intimate?
Imagine someone of people's own station in life:

A secret there was,

This

There was nothing in the Journal to rouse her suspicion

But

someone like Henley

NYPL

a girl such as Stella had been when Swift first knew her
dissatisfied with ~~the usual~~ ordinary things, unconventional,
Eager as Stella herself ~~for~~ to know right from wrong, –
charming, ~~eager~~ untaught – ~~if~~ ~~such a~~ ~~a rival of that~~
~~younger than Stella, & less worn,~~ ~~such a girl~~ if
of them ~~there were such a~~ ~~where such a girl~~ ~~she~~, indeed, ~~if she wished~~, were young –
strong & ~~had no Mrs Rebecca dingley always at hand~~
might do ~~what Stella had~~ failed to do, & ~~And~~
she indeed, if she wished, might be a rival to be feared. But naturally, & ~~she wished~~ When
~~she would not be named out openly.~~ ~~Even in this~~ mention of her in the
Swift there would be no open
Journal; there would be hesitation, glances, some uneasiness
~~as the~~ when, & writing so freely a fully of his days
doings, where he had dined whom he had seen, Swift ~~there was no suspicion~~, ~~the widow~~, he
~~recollected~~ remembered her. ~~For example~~, Stella could not fail to
~~neighbour Mrs Vanhomrigh~~.
notice that whenever he dined with her ~~neighbour~~, the ~~& he dined with~~ her
widow Mrs Vanhomrigh, ~~he~~ ~~first~~ & And indeed,
~~frequently~~. Swift made some excuse. a month or two before Stella's
Swift had only been in England
~~suspicions were aroused~~. was asking who it was that
boarded near him, that he dined with now. then? "I know
no such person," Swift replied: "I do not dine with
boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have
dined with every day since I left you, better than I do.
What do you mean, ~~Sirrah~~ sirrah?" But, clearly, he
knew. ~~She suspected the Vanhom~~ who ~~what~~ she meant.
She meant Mrs Vanhomrigh: the widow who lived near
him. ~~w~~ Mrs Vanhomrigh had a
daughter! ~~Nor~~ who was ill once, or they said she was
ill to get Swift to come to the house. He never
spoke of the daughter. but she meant, of she did not

9-
5.6
14.6

~~almost~~ And

48. when.

60 forgot to say where he had dined.

128 You say they are [illegible] consequence.

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6
7
42

~~[illegible]~~

~~Swift forced himself~~ ~~Proud as he was,~~ ~~Swift~~ downright as he was ~~Swift~~ ~~Swift was too proud to~~ conceal his

⊕ The name kept coming again & again. Swift would not conceal the fact that he had dined with the Vanhomrighs, but he would, oftener than not, find some & excuse for ~~reason~~ ~~why he had done so.~~ dined there. ~~They were his neighbours~~ lived so near ~~that~~ They were his neighbours when he was in Ryder St ~~they were in Suffolk St~~ & then saved him a walk ~~when he had [illegible] beg~~; ~~they were~~ ~~[illegible]~~ he kept his wine there when he was in Chelsea ~~his~~ ~~they were in London~~ ~~when he w~~ when he was in Chelsea they were in London, — his best gown — so made ~~a~~ it convenient to keep his wine there; his best gown — or when too periwig; sometimes ~~it~~ was too hot to go to elsewhere, or ~~whom~~ ~~to~~ wet to leave them; ~~They were simple people~~ ~~then he dined there~~ when ~~he was busy~~; they were young lady playing cards & he ~~got kept watching them~~ that he stayed. Ashburnham reminded him of Stella so he helped her: ~~dine to the~~ ~~in Court~~ They were simple house, & he was too busy to dine when Stella with the Great; but at the same time when Stella roundly ~~asked~~ told him that the Vanhomrighs were of no consequence, ~~he~~ ~~gossiped~~ or her ~~replied~~ replied "~~why~~, they keep as good female company as I do male... I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon." In short, "to ~~say~~ tell the truth to Stella was not ~~altogether~~ easy. There was in short, there were things that he could not tell her. background of the Journal, Vanessa; ~~Hanging~~ Haunting the ~~there was~~ ~~went the~~ ~~the figure of this~~ never exposed to view, which Swift called the other woman, ~~walked~~, ~~a white~~ ~~what [illegible] at least~~ ~~but he~~ & behind all the apparent openness & ~~fr~~ intimacy of the Journal was hidden a secret;

To

when he lived in Ryder St:

went ~~the~~

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& when ~~an~~ a
passion rh.
Stella never
allowed
herself, she
end

In short to tell the truth, to speak out her mind without reserve or caution was ~~not easy~~ impossible. Indeed what trouble this habit of candour had led him into! There was ~~Vanessa fostering that~~ He had taught Vanessa, too, to distinguish; she too had learnt the difference between right & wrong; & "then" she cried "you have made me miserable." ; ~~So sad~~ so miserable, indeed, that ne~~glecting within too~~ vehemence of her youth & the persistency of her passion, all those sad arts which Stella had worn so ~~finely~~ cut ~~practising~~ ~~then~~ to in learning of practising she forced her passion upon them that when, after scenes of agonies, & hopes, & desolations, ~~the truth was at last~~ she forced the truth from him, & ~~had turned full upon her~~ the blaze of those terrible blue eyes~~, that~~ rested full upon her, & ~~Stella's~~ letter ~~she knew that all her passion was in~~ vain; & ~~she~~ knew ~~that~~ the end had come, - nothing remained but to die, there was nothing left her.

while Stella, in whose life she had moved only like some transient ghost, temporarily troubling the ~~passing~~ appearing, beckoning, vanishing, lived on, by which she to practise always, those sad arts in kept her great friend by her side, until the two, worn out with the strain & the concealment, & the fear, with the indignity & the [illegible] & the left day, died herself; & left to to mourn, to rage, to sit at length in complete silence broken only by a few words which he violently repeated "I am what I am; I am what I am what I am

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David Copperfield

~~With such a power at his command~~, ~~able wherever~~ his
Eyes rested, to call full blown characters into life,
~~Able to create who see everything; and so seems, to~~
~~with~~

He had only to be two minutes in a room & he saw everything.

He had the ~~visual power~~ visualising power in the
Extreme. He had only to open his eyes & he saw
a ~~scar, or a an eyebrow~~, ~~an attitude~~; ~~he saw~~
Uriah Heep "breathing into the pony's nostrils &
immediately covering them with his hand"

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David Copperfield looking into the glass to see if his ~~eyes w~~
he looked unhappy when his mother died, a scar or
Eyebrow. ~~What~~ This eye brings in almost too rich a
harvest for him to deal with, & gives him ~~that~~ a
~~curiosities~~ an aloofness & hardness which ~~contin~~ freezes his

Sentimentalism

Emotionalism & makes it seem ~~to~~ a concession, a
to the public, a real ~~something~~ fabricated to ~~reel~~ cancel the
piercing glance of his eye. With such a power at his
command, able to ~~create~~ call c. a full blown character into
life wherever his eyes rested,

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~~Nevertheless, to be Presto, & not "t'other I" to~~

~~(D)~~ Nevertheless, to be Presto, & not "t'other I", to
have some "sluttery" ~~some~~ or private chamber where he
could relax & talk a "little language"; to ~~have~~ ~~some~~ a
420 woman who ~~had the qualities he wanted~~ understood him
was a necessity ~~to him~~. to ~~praise~~ tear off veils &
disguises, to be "perfectly open", & not, surely, a
a failing, surely, it was to ~~this~~ Vanessa's good, as it
had been to Stella's; to ~~be~~ ~~meet~~ know with the great Swift.
& ~~so~~ if he taught her, too, as she said he did
to disengagements; ~~then~~, could she complain of that, for reasons wh. he could not understand,
did ~~then~~ he "left her miserable"? ~~What more~~ did
she ~~want~~? ~~Vanessa~~ ~~But~~ ~~For~~ But more vehement than Stella
less disciplined less wise, with no Dingley ~~to control~~ ~~[illegible]~~ along
her, & no Journal to relieve her. Vanessa ~~did~~ complain.
~~She~~ pounded, ~~she~~ threatened, ~~she heard the lies on her~~
~~Dear, & then, when~~ at ~~she~~ ~~sound at last the terrible~~ truth from
fury ~~which~~ ~~she~~ at the ~~forced~~ at last the blue eyes
~~him & saw~~ him: ~~Swift~~ when the ~~she saw~~ Swift ~~in his~~ fury
~~blazed upon her, & that~~ The full force of his fury blazed upon her. ~~She~~ She
dwindled beneath it, & died. To Stella, who was
no more than an uneasy ghost, appearing, beckoning
vanishing, one of those shadows, which, do what she
would, must always haunt the background, however
of her life, must always ~~fill~~ people her solitude with
fears & doubts. But she had the Journal, she
lived on, to practise always those sad arts wh.

Presto gave wan hers,
She enjoyed her Presto

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But not only a new language that was used,
a free metre, ~~[illegible]~~ subtle cadenced sentences of ~~language~~ speech,
but a also a new harmony to the verse

at the head of
am

stitch lying with
it
agues

& all it turns
plain or mean
of ~~taste~~
sweet & sour,
hot & cold, the
rapture & ~~[illegible]~~
of the palate

~~Art~~ and - play
truant to all those
schoolmasters who
have trained us to

But of all this daily drama there is no record. People write always about
the doings of the mind — ~~how it~~ the thoughts that come to it; ~~the~~
how it its noble plans; how it has civilised the ~~universe~~,
world. They show it ~~&~~ ~~utterly~~ ~~disregarding~~ ignoring the body in philosophic tower
turret; or kicking the body, like an old leather football, across
leagues of snow & desert in the ~~pursuit of fame, or the~~ pursuit
~~so~~ as ~~men march or men~~ march to conquest or discovery. Those
Great wars which it wages / alone by itself in the solitude of the bedroom, ~~have~~
the assault of fever, the oncome of melancholia are neglected.
Nor, in daily life, do we ever shut off the energy of the mind
& watch the body ~~affects~~ pure & simple, smelling, tasting, feeling
hot & cold & tired; Nor is the reason far to seek. ~~In the~~
~~first place~~, pain is a mystery ~~an abyss~~; the ~~body is a monster~~; &
to ~~write of either~~ look ~~at either~~ them fully squarely in the face ~~would~~
~~pull one down into an abyss~~, & would need ~~a~~ to
~~mystic~~ the root of ~~courage which~~ a lion tamers ~~must~~ have; & not without: ~~one~~
courage; & more, for the lions are within, & slip ~~off~~ away
then ~~a~~ one would taper ~~away~~ into mysticism;
into raptures of transcendentalism; ~~play truant to the~~
~~It would be an~~ Then, more prosaically, the public would
~~say~~ complain that a ~~book devoted~~ to influenza ~~lacked~~ lacks plot & love interest;
~~wrongly~~ then, for often illness takes on the disguise of love, &
plays the same odd tricks with our sense of proportion,
investing certain faces with divinity, setting us to wait hour after
hour with pricked ears for a creaking of stair; & wreathing
about the idea of the absent all the ~~rainbows, all the~~
~~rainbows~~ ~~rain~~ ~~radiances~~ — that radiance which picks it out
from a million others. Finally, among the difficulties of
dealing with the body in illness & in health, there is the

} ..

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this hollow in life – this

jingle like the
sound of
merrygorounds at a
fair

daily

the Brilliant lives and the wonder of the Watchman "I am in bed with influenza"
It conveys nothing of that Great Experience; how the world has ~~shrunk to the rooms~~ changed its proportions;
how ~~all domesticities has become mysterious~~; & the ~~tools of daily~~
the tools of business remote; & merrymakings ~~far away~~, &
incredibly romantic; & our friends changed, ~~&~~ some putting on a
strange beauty, others deformed to the squatness of toads; & the
whole landscape of life ~~far aw~~ lies strange & ~~sil~~ distant like the
~~land lying~~ shore seen from a boat far out at sea; how & we
the ~~brain has~~ soul has ~~then begins to carry~~ wander down
long long dark corridors; & discover things; & are ~~alternately~~ one moment
exalted on peaks where we need no one, & the next grovelling
~~for~~ supine ~~on~~ the floor; —

The language
has all
grown one
way

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~~which is~~ the ~~real~~ experience cannot be imparted & the mention ~~of an own illness serves to quicken~~ how should he be surprised if the mention of influenza as is always the way with these dumb things, ~~the mention~~ of into the memory of what is unspoken is so acute, that instead of pitying the actual sufferer, one glides without a pause over his ~~[illegible]~~ pain, his influenza, & passes to lament the aches & pains which went unwept last February & now cry out, too

in an experience [illegible] but to wake memories in our friends minds of the influenzas, the aches & pains wh. went unwept last Feby & now cry out—

~~~~~~

No~~one~~ne but a simpleton would ~~ask such a question of the~~ ////// ~~those tired~~ so mock that tired company of believers, ~~who,~~ ~~at work all the week,~~

on the bleakest day of the wettest of
Whereon ~~daily at stated~~ times in the ~~week~~ midst of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~wet~~ full lamps will be burning, & with the autumn leaves ~~thick at the door & mud~~ shuffling about the door ~~& the clouds~~ & ~~the~~ [illegible] hopes & wishes ~~however~~ will be changed to blessings & certainties] however the autumn leaves may shuffle ~~at the door~~ & the winds cry, hopes & wishes! companies will be ~~changed to blessings~~ turned to blessings & certainties

Love hopes & dreams [illegible] will be changed to [illegible] blessings hopes certainties

None but a simpleton would ask such questions of the lagging company of believers, tired labourers, boots clumping. in their Sunday clothes, children staring, mothers ~~are~~ were anxious; father ~~was~~ tried - This ceremonial too is weary - how

3 And were we come to this expression - ~~that~~ (& yet such come to be)

how ? the Artists who suffer no less; the Milton & the Popes;
~~~~~~

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& if we say that there is only room for extremes in literature – the very good, the very bad, & mediocrity is

But enough of Shakespeare – let us turn to Augustus Hare.

There are grumblers / who say that even illness does not warrant these transitions.

Literature should ~~be all~~ made of / extremes: the best & the worst; & mediocrity is hateful. There are grumblers who say that even illness does not warrant ~~& ...~~ these transitions; ~~who~~ that the mention of these two names is [illegible] in the same breath is blasphemy, (as if ~~literature~~ there were room in literature for mediocrity – as if we that there is nothing in the Story of Two Noble Lives to ~~&~~ invite ~~[illegible]~~ comparison with Boswell. So be it. The law is on the side of the normal. But for those who suffer a slight rise of temperature (100° is the right degree for Hare) ~~the names~~ ~~The Two Noble Lives. with~~ the names of Hare & Waterford – Canning with always radiant beams of benignant lustre. Not for the first hundred pages or so this true:

~~& imperceptibly we become~~

& then like some sweet

this an

but suddenly & like

we become

& then, not suddenly but by sweet imperceptible degrees,

we become as it domesticated

admitted to friends, the family.

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is no fellow to Boswell;

& ~~then~~ when ? Lord Stuart, cd. not stand the talk any longer & so
stepped out to a

& yet

& then, how inexpressibly delightful it was
to share in ~~all~~ the oddity – ~~& [illegible] of [illegible]~~
yet ~~not yet~~ & yet
almost as one of the family, yet not quite (for we ~~had~~
our sense of the oddity, yet all reasons –) to share the
family dudgeon when in the middle of a ball
Lord Stuart left the room, in his evening dress, embarked on a
fishing smack & was next heard of in Iceland.
~~So they loved~~
~~Gaiety~~ verily he said "loved him".
the English aristocracy. ~~in those days, free as the birds of this~~
air ~~untarnished by a single grain of that intolerably~~
when both were free a marriage with whatever had
~~Not trouble these serene~~ Aristocratic freedom – a
time never to come again – – ~~Late he meant~~ that
And then the mania for building, started by Beckford at
Fonthill, & emulated at enormous expense – he went
cart a chateau across from France – & with
deplorable results – he [illegible] built on the
cliff edge at Highcliffe – the housemaids saw
the brooms sweeping down the [illegible] – Lady
Stuart deplored – they were ruined – but before.
Meanwhile, they
[illegible]. planting avenues.

1926

[illegible] [illegible]
that

Such was
the folly of
[illegible]

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Let me say
that it is more exaggeration to claim that, short of the best in literature, we want the worst: ~~Are~~ mediocrity ~~that is~~ hateful. ~~So be it~~.
They brush us off like silly insects.

NYPL

Some of the smaller Manor Houses of Sussex
by Viscountess Wolseley
12/6 n. The Medici Society

Lady Wolseley is not possessed of a light pen, but she is possessed of a methodical conscientious ~~dis~~ method, a conscience, & a highly laudable desire to ~~seek out the~~ ~~get to the bottom of her subject.~~ tunnel her way into the heart of her subject; ~~however~~. The idea, too, was admirable. ~~Vast homes had been~~. ~~The~~ Scattered about Sussex, used sometimes as farm buildings, decayed from their old estate, or carefully cherished, are innumerable old houses of the lesser sort — the sort that is still lived in, & used, & will die in harness, for ~~lack of those~~ which is perhaps a better fate than to ~~be~~ artificial preservation ~~turn~~ turn stiff into museums. Mancelli Place, Wapsbourne, Laughton ~~Ho~~ Place, Halland House, Colin Godman — ~~these~~ the names sound weak in the ear, & recall perhaps, even to idle tourists, ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ glimpses of the old houses themselves, ~~still in their~~ ~~Must~~ Charming & curious & thought, which Lady Wolseley photographs revive; cast in their direction — But Lady Wolseley ~~is not a~~ has dug into their past.

where even if

She has gone into the history of previous owners, & searched registers, & examined curious trap-doors, & beams & locks & hinges; & so built up authentic histories ~~who~~ stretching back for many centuries

unlike the way
[illegible]

Antiquarian interest apart, the ~~[illegible]~~ She carefully considers the architectural features of the house, with their relates the legends & proceeds to find out who has owned the place at different times. Heraldry, which in Sussex is very rich. about Mansell marks. Roman work sometimes found.

The Dalyngr~~ydge~~
Dalyngrygges
&
Lewknors
Challoners
the Gages.
the De
Cahaignes
or Keynes,

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Later Days
by W.H. Davies

Cape. 6/-

"They make literature a mask to hide their real personality, & how can they expect to attain that strength wh. only comes through honesty & sincerity?" asks Mr Davies: Mr Davies does not make lit. a mask; he makes it a [illegible] glass through wh. the very essence of eye & lips can be seen: yet somehow with a difference different. Only a simpleton wd. think that it is easy to write as he does; nor with all their air of perfect transparency do ~~are~~ his stories ~~told in~~ any have a perfectly simple impression. That is - why they are so amusing, so revealing. ~~Are~~ They ~~yet~~ why, after reading them, we know ~~his~~ ~~&~~ Conrad - Mr Beerbohm & Mr Belloc (they very little i[s] said of them) better than before. But do we know Mr Davies? That is more doubtful. But perhaps it does not matter. We after telling us how he slipped into [illegible], when he tells ~~of~~ us of the rats in his bedroom, or his ~~meets~~ a hired ~~he~~ in his own house, he is 'Brummy' & his wife Dinah, & how they spend their fallow days [illegible] full of friends - in the middle of the night - after tells us, very cheery. Everything that comes in to his head, & we ~~do~~ ~~write~~ his care at his back & - we get [illegible] entirely. The only contradiction is - something that he is without his knowledge ~~of~~ is a stock broker a very vain man. ~~It~~ a [illegible] talked as much about his self & his reputation & his [illegible] as Mr Davies does we shd be annoyed. ~~But poets do~~ th And somehow we wish for the sake of ~~his~~ his poetry that poets could be modest —

because his stories are so amusing that even if they conceal a good deal beneath their transparent simplicity. we cannot complain

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How should one read a Book?

What I am going to suggest to you is that books are in many ways ~~are~~
like people. There are grown up, middle aged, & old books; baby books;
stupid books or clever books; nice books & nasty books.
When ~~When we meet~~ we meet people, ~~we alter~~ our behaviour; ~~as~~ alters. Almost
directly, we take ~~up~~ a line about them; & ~~then~~ without knowing
~~why~~ we say, as we stand talking. It's an odd thing, but I
like you — or, ~~I may be wrong, but I'm sure~~ I ~~shall always~~
~~we shant get on. I shall never be able to stand you.~~
I can't stand you.

NYPL

How Should One Read a Book ?

18th Nov.

In the first place I am going to confess a crime — not ~~of my~~ an awful
own ~~not~~ doing however — I have never been to school. This
thinking on my throne:
perhaps explains why I am so frightened at the present
people who go to school know
moment; ~~why~~ I have been studying the list of your ~~arts~~
& the more I read the more frightened of them
accomplishments: ~~And the more I read the more frightened I~~
became: You learn all these sciences:
what is more, ~~& not less~~ & in addition: You can mend your own clothes.
So, I thought, there is only ~~talk~~ what I can to the ~~students~~ girls at Hayes
Court about: ~~reading~~ . I can read: ~~I will~~ I will talk about
reading. But then it struck me that even that was doubtful.
I say "I can read": & it is true I ~~have~~ stumbled through
thousands of books in my time. But I
~~Can I read? I asked myself. And I replied, looking~~
In fact, the more I thought of it the more my own
ignorance of the art of reading ~~became~~ depressed me.
But man is a conceited animal. I said to myself; ~~the~~
~~Reading is far the most difficult of all the arts.~~ I have often found very learned men who cannot
~~People who~~ — For instance, I once knew a Cambridge professor ~~who~~ of mathematics
read. of the ~~highest celebrity for~~
~~was so learned that the~~
~~or philosophy~~ or something of the sort. He said to me
~~that he~~ told me that the only use of novels was that ~~they~~ to rested
his mind before bedtime. Then I met another man who ~~said~~
told me that ~~he could only read~~ he could only read Dickens; ~~was good enough for~~
him. I met another, who said that Mrs. Humphry Ward
~~had~~ was a great novelist because she had foretold ~~that~~ the
birth of the Labour party. I ~~have~~ also ~~heard people say~~ once
knew a young man who ~~was going to read~~ said that he was reading through was going
~~straight through~~ the Encyclopaedia Britannica;
You may think me very absurd. but in each case I said, as
~~probably~~ as I could, Oh ~~you fools!~~ ~~Fools,~~ ~~Unhappy~~
I felt, Poor ~~unhappy people — they do not know how to read.~~

To make
matters worse

whatso ever as
& ~~not less~~
~~mysterious~~ the
marvellous
to my thinking.

it came to this — what
can I do?

Take it from me,
Mr. Woolf it
you have read
Dickens & Jane
Austen. you have
read all there is
worth reading in
English fiction.

in order that he
might never have
to read another
book as long as
he lived

NYPL

In each case to myself, ~~How~~
I said: ~~None of these people know how to read." But~~
Poor wretch, poor old man, or poor young man, ~~as the case may be~~,
but you dont know how to read"; Only I could not say this
aloud, because I could not think what I should say if
they turned upon me a ~~said~~ asked they "What is the way to read?"
You say that one must not read to send oneself to sleep, or to
improve the lot of the poor, or to get information:
In ~~any other subject, — Geography for instance —~~
That is what makes reading so difficult — ~~I~~ one cannot say ~~why~~
This is right & this is ~~that~~ wrong. ~~This is as one can in arithmetic or~~
~~Geography~~ If the Professor had said to me, King John had
Eight wives, I should have said, No, that was Henry the Eighth;
or if he had said ~~the~~ Rome is the capital of France — I should
have said nonsense; Paris is the capital of France — ~~but~~ which ~~everyone is~~
because I know these things; they there are facts. ~~They can be taught.~~
~~agreed~~ about. ~~So~~ They can be taught; ~~& the more~~
~~the more you study Geography the more~~
you ~~study history & the more~~ ~~Your teachers can~~ But now, about reading —
~~you will know.~~ ~~When you have learnt your letters,~~
what can one teach? ~~But~~ By the time one is
One can be taught one's letters. By English —
ten years old, one can read any book written in English —
but after that, when one begins to wander about in a
~~room~~ full of books, — novels, biographies, poems, can anybody
say to you, there is only one way of reading Robinson Crusoe, &
if you read it any other way, you are reading it wrongly?
~~For my own part~~, I doubt it. I ~~believe that one has to read~~ ~~I believe that there are~~
~~learn to read entirely by oneself.~~ there to ~~the right way~~ of reading for oneself.
~~No~~ One has to learn ~~That is why~~ — so extremely difficult;
~~And~~ That is why it is so extremely difficult;
& also so extremely interesting.
This will explain why I have put a question
mark at the end of my title — I do ~~not say~~ a ~~What I say is~~
dare not ~~to~~ say "How to read a Book?"

but as he said
I like novels because
they make me
sleep, I had
nothing to reply.
For my part I find
that novels keep me
awake —

Both history &
Geography are
all sorts of things
about history &
Geography can be
learnt; &

No: nobody
can say that.

What not

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~~The most I can say~~ is "How should one read a Book?" I am asking a question; I am not ~~if~~ laying down ~~any~~ law. ~~It is quite open to you~~ to say I don't agree; I shan't be able to contradict you I could not contradict any ~~of those readers~~ the Professor when he said he liked novels because they sent him to sleep: or the young man who liked the Encyclopaedia Britannica because it taught him everything there is to know. I am going to put ~~I~~ before you some ideas that have struck me after reading ~~in the course of my own reading~~

about reading

But

If at the end you say, ~~Nonsense: we read~~ But this is not the way I read— ~~You~~ I ~~shant be able to contradict you~~ ~~I shall have~~ shall not be able to contradict you. disagree with them, you are perfectly right to do so: I cannot ~~Give you~~ send you to the bottom of the class. There are no Classes. That again, is another reason perhaps why ~~reading is so~~ one enjoys reading.

if I may say so—

Now what do you think a book is? ~~listen try to~~ I ~~know that~~ silly as the question sounds ~~listen try~~ sounds a silly question; ~~but wait a moment. I think you~~ must, settle it. In the first place: ~~First of all,~~ ~~Books have their~~ There are different kinds of books—we all know: novels, biographies, poems— they may be related to each other, but they are utterly different at the same; & one of the first difficulties a reader ~~must face, is~~ has to face is this ~~What~~ Well, then, if a novel is different from a biography you must ~~first~~ read it differently. If a poem is different from a novel you must read it differently. As ~~I believe that~~ simple as it sounds, I believe that this is difference ~~leads to between the different~~ ~~sorts of books leads to~~ has led to an enormous amount of muddle. I have known people ~~say~~ said that call a novel a bad because the author ~~talked of~~ ~~made~~ Gladstone was ~~a man of~~ 60 ~~in~~ when he was really 55. They were reading the novel as if it were a biography. They were losing their temper— they were wasting their time—all for nothing. If every date in War & Peace were wrong, still it wd remain as every bit as good, as a novel. But now why do

They are as different from each other as tigers, elephants, & ~~m~~ tortoises.

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people make these foolish mistakes? Why do they get so angry with books? Why do they waste their time? ~~Again the~~ Because, I think, they will ~~treat books as if they were~~ ~~suffer from a delusion which~~ ~~I will~~ will ~~that~~ take books ~~wrong~~ in the wrong way. the people ~~They~~ muddle up the different kinds: that is one mistake. That they do not separate out the different kinds; but it is largely that they they will think of a book as if it were a solid brick, when it is as a ~~matter of fact a~~ more like a bonfire.

to examine the different kinds.

It is very easy to

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Now before I have bored you so much that you cannot listen to another a word, I
want to make a few statements: ~~asking you to remember~~ that
~~The first is this~~ is the real reason why one
Why ~~does one~~ reads ~~a book~~? I think it is to get pleasure.
I disagree with those ~~who read for health~~, or to who say that the object of reading
it helps them to sleep; or that ~~it~~ to teaches them facts; or that ~~it~~ to ~~makes~~
~~them think about the~~ improve the laws; ~~or that~~ . I disagree
with people who ~~read~~ say that the aim of reading is to pass the time,
or to give them something to talk about at dinner. I
say one reads for pleasure. But then directly I try to explain
what I mean by pleasure, I am in difficulties. Pleasure is not
simple. There are many kinds of pleasure — those ~~is~~ the pleasure
of eating; & the pleasure of talking. Pleasure, also, is often
made up of many ~~differ things~~ — different things. In playing a game,
the pleasure seems to come from ~~being~~ running, from being tired, from
being anxious, from ~~winning the~~ beating the other side —
perhaps too from the fine day, & ~~perhaps~~ from being admired. *
Being tired is in itself unpleasant, but when it is
combined with other feeling it adds to their pleasantness.
So the pleasure I am talking of — the pleasure of reading, is
made up of many different feelings, some painful in themselves.
~~I think it is a very~~ But I call it pleasure, because it is one wants to
~~pleasure that~~ prevails. have ha a feeling ~~which one wants to have~~, ~~to~~
~~although~~ & there ~~seems to be~~ is no reason why one should want ~~to~~
~~have~~ it except that it gives one pleasure it is a pleasant feeling — I mean ~~it is~~
~~that the pleasure I get from reading one of~~ I want to read
Pride & Prejudice because it will please me — ~~it~~ not because it
will make ~~my~~ me richer, or stronger; or ~~more~~ ~~give me~~ that I can sell; or
~~an appetite for dinner~~ it will not give me anything

Now ~~for a second~~ there is another point. I think it is important ~~this~~
to remember that there are different kinds of books.
~~some~~ There are — to name three kinds only — of novels,
biographies, & poems. They are as different as tigers
elephants & tortoises. Yet, simple as this seems,

or to

is different from the pleasure of hearing music.

And if we try to take our pleasure to pieces we shall find it made up of many different things

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When books are
different they
must be read
differently
be angry with
a

This difference ~~he~~ leads to a great deal of muddle & waste of time.
People ~~get~~ are furious because a novel is not a biography. A novelist
says that Queen Victoria was 55 & she was really 60. Never to
~~Expect a~~ novelist ~~to be~~ for being inaccurate is like buying
But a novelist need not be accurate in his dates; & a biographer
must be accurate. must A tiger should ~~must~~ be covered with thick yellow fur; but
tortoises should be hard, & bald & shining.

Bearing these two things in mind - that we read for pleasure, &
that ~~books are dif~~ - there are ~~different kinds~~ of books, are of
different kinds so that we must read ~~in~~ them differently, let us
get on.

How should one read a book? I will speak of the
~~three different kinds of books~~ - novels, biographies, & poems, -
I will ~~say~~ ~~try~~ to say something about the way of reading

I will try to sketch
the way we should
approach each
of them

Each kind of book - a novel, a biography, & a poem. To begin with,
~~But~~ They ~~are different~~, as I have said; but ~~in all reading~~
whatever kind of book one reads, I believe that there is only one
way of setting about it — I believe one should try to
read books as if one were writing them. I ~~think that~~
~~The~~ By ~~this I mean that one to should~~ ~~take up a~~
~~begin a book with the first words on the first page~~: &
Do not ~~think of a book as if it were a brick - something~~,
~~hard & a hard~~ ~~Think of a book as~~ if
~~Think of a book as if it were a~~ Do not, begin by
being a critic; begin by being a ~~fellow worker~~ writer.
~~Try to see what a writer is doing~~; Try to understand
~~Why he does it.~~ what a writer is doing. Think of a
book as an a very ~~extremely~~ dangerous & exciting game,
which it takes two to play at. Books are
not turned out of moulds ~~like~~, like bricks. Books

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an ink

of tiny little words, which a writer shapes often with great difficulty,
into sentences of different lengths. & places one on top of another,
never taking his eye off them, sometimes building them
quite quickly, at other times knocking them down in despair;
& beginning all over again — ~~And a great~~ writer
It is always a ~~horrible risk, writing a book.~~ a very risky
business, writing a book: & so should reading be;
~~While you are reading you are must be~~ You must be able to
build up in your own mind what the writer has built up in
his book. He hands ~~you~~ a sentence after sentence & you
have to place them as quickly as you can, ~~into~~ on
~~position~~ top of each other. If you get tired — ~~& stop &~~
~~Or~~ & ~~cease attend~~ & begin ~~putting~~ dropping his sentences anyhow,
~~the game is over;~~ the whole building is spoilt falls to the ground.
And books ~~re~~ are not solid buildings; ~~so that you can~~
They are more like bonfires which are always changing.
What is worse — a book is nothing like so solid as a building; it is
~~more like~~ ~~An always changing~~ But then a book is
nothing like so solid as a building: words are more like fire
than they are like clay. They change: they turn from
green to blue. ~~Read a book one day~~ They change from
generation to generation: ~~When you read~~ And also
shapes are always changing. The shape of a novel is
quite different now from what it was 100 years ago.

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The same book is different to different generations. Your
Grandmothers read Pride & Prejudice, & so do you: but you are
reading different books. This is simply because, owing to
time & change, you ~~& we are~~ read at a different angle from your
Grandmother. ~~And further,~~ The ~~book~~ is the same, but it is
~~set at a different~~ angle. ~~And, further,~~ takes different
You are seeing it with the light on the left side, & she with
the light on the right side. And then, just as ~~people change,~~ so
~~do books~~. fashions in clothes change, because the people inside
them change, so the fashions in books change; & you
will find that your great Great Grandmother liked her
novels to be in 12 volumes – which for some reason wh.
we cannot now go into – you think a novel is quite
long enough if it is no longer than Lady into Fox.

~~For these reasons, then,~~ For these reasons
~~I point this out because I want to insist that~~ you cannot
get other people to do your reading for you. Each generation
must read everything over again for itself.

~~And as I was saying~~, But ~~Now~~, ~~But~~

~~The way of to begin this reading is, to~~
~~But let us make a beginning.~~ I
~~Begin so.~~
by way saying that ~~the best way to read is to~~ one must
~~set about~~ begin ~~reading by not~~ by ~~being~~ putting oneself in the
writer's place. One must begin, not by being his judge, but
by being his fellow worker. And the best way of doing
this is to write something oneself. You cannot write
the ~~most~~ most ordinary story without ~~come~~ ~~being~~ coming up against
~~faced by some of the~~ some difficulties ~~which~~ that Tolstoi &
Hardy & Jane Austen & Conrad had to face. Shall
we then try, very quickly, to write a story here & now?

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~~shall~~
It will be a very bad one; but never mind; ~~as we are telling it~~, we
~~shall get into dread~~ful our difficulties; but that will make us
~~admire~~ understand ~~how~~ other writers ~~have got into~~ difficulties;
& admire their evasions. ~~Only I know~~

& ~~that~~ we shall
begin to see
better what
novelists are
after,
what they ~~are~~ were
doing; & how
to read them.

Now I will imagine that there is somebody called Mary,
after Queen Mary; a girl ~~young woman~~ let us suppose, who has
never written a story in her life. But one day she had an
experience which struck her very much, & she tried to write an
account of it to a cousin in Australia. This was what
happened to her. She went out to buy herself a pair of
gloves. In the street a woman stopped her & said she had
come to London to go to Wembley, but had lost her purse on
the top of the bus, & had no money to get back to her
home which was at Bedford. Her mother would be
getting very anxious about her she said. Would Mary lend
her the ~~money~~, seven & sixpence? & she would send her a
postal order next day. Mary gave her the money, &
the ~~woman was~~ very grateful, & said she had just time & Mary went on
to catch the last train to Bedford in an hour later. She ~~ran~~ met ~~into~~ the
for her walk; but as she came back, to
same woman, who was ~~asking~~ telling another person,
the same story, about her mother & her purse; & when she
saw Mary, she burst out laughing & ran ~~away~~ off down
the street.

Mary lived a quiet life in a ~~well brought up~~ comfortable home,
& so this very ordinary event impressed her greatly; & she wanted
~~Wanted~~ to describe it. ~~Now~~ What was her first
difficulty? She did not know what to leave out.

~~D~~ Before she began
to write, she had the
whole thing clear in
her head – or thought she
had. She wanted
to tell a straightforward
story, one fact
following another

I told you the story very ~~th~~ barely. But really, as you can
imagine, for yourselves, the woman, Eliza Pett, ~~had~~ was very talkative
~~said a great many things~~; She had said, among other things, ~~she scalded her left~~
that her mother had made straw hats until ~~her~~ legs
gave way, & ~~she~~ she also said that was a widow: & her husband had

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but who is a "black hearted ruffian"

blown up in a battleship – & one of her sons had made a fortune in Australia out of sheep but never sent a penny home though he had been seen wearing a gold watch chain in the high street in Melbourne. ~~When Mary began to write her story~~, all these things rushed into her mind. ~~And yet she~~ And she began writing down ~~Exactly~~ everything – Soon she found she had written ten foolscap pages: yet she was still ~~in~~ standing in the street. What was worse, she felt that she was getting the story wrong. It was no longer what she had ~~me~~ felt – a straightforward story. And she had meant to lead up, ~~rather~~ to the No, she could not see how to do it. The thing seemed Here Mary stopped,

A

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Mary threw down her pen in despair.

~~Here we~~ Now then we realise one of the first difficulties that a novelist must face. What is he to leave in, & what is he to leave out? A good novelist will ~~decide~~ ~~know this~~ ~~decide~~ make up his mind & stick to it. He will know ~~that~~ what Eliza Pett ~~must~~ can be allowed to say; but ~~he~~ will ~~stop~~ make her ~~be~~ stop directly she is leading him ~~astray~~ & he will not let her say a word more. ~~Though~~ He will ~~know that~~ ~~decide that~~ For instance about her son in Australia — he might like to go into the history of that blackhearted ruffian & his gold watch chain. ~~but he will know that if he does~~ But he will restrain himself. That does not belong to his story. If he puts it in, it will only get in his readers way, & make it difficult for them to follow his story. ~~Now we see why one of the reasons why also that Robinson Crusoe is such a good book.~~ If we look at Robinson Crusoe we shall see that this is what Defoe does: he ~~seems to be able to~~ goes straight ahead, ~~leaving out~~ putting in nothing that we need know, but putting in the right things; & ~~leaving~~ ~~At least it~~ ~~Now that we have tried to write~~ Now that we have seen poor Mary's difficulties when she tried to write her story, we can guess that Defoe left out masses of things; what remains is probably only a fragment of what he could have told us about Robinson Crusoe. I shd. not be surprised to hear that Mr Jarrett had done just the same when he wrote Lady of the Fay. ~~This is the beginning of all art.~~ I daresay Every good story teller ~~is~~ has to learn ~~learnt~~ this art. ~~They~~ will go ~~over & over~~ take a story, like Mary's story, ~~write~~ before they write it, ~~seeing~~ until they have decided ~~decided~~ how ~~many things they can leave in~~ what ~~I believe this~~ Very few people have the art of telling stories as Defoe had it. For some reason, people in the 17 & 18th centuries were better story tellers than

Exactly how much

It reads perfectly smoothly. We pass on from one event to another.

Tho' this seems easy, it is very very difficult. We can

~~At~~ When you are reading a story teller you will be a[illegible] cut to

So on & over

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we are. It is the commonest thing in ~~the world to find a~~ One is
~~always finding that a novelist have~~ not It is
They seem able to ~~wake~~ make us ~~believe~~ that
He ~~knew what to leave out~~; & so we can read straight on, believing
that we are being told ~~precisely~~ exactly what happened; whereas,
of course, we are only being told a third or a fifth part of what
happened; &, further,
But it is a very pleasant art, you will agree; ~~it is~~ It is ~~like~~
~~watching~~ One ~~seems to lie back in ones chair & hear a~~
~~very pleasant amusing~~ when it is well done. It
~~We can guess, too, that before~~. It is a very pleasant art; it
goes so smoothly; it all seems to be true. For
though they may invent every word, a good story teller will almost
always ~~will~~ make us believe that his story really
happened.

But now, since Mary has thrown her pen down in despair;
I am going to suppose that ~~invent~~ another girl - called this time
Elizabeth, after Queen Elizabeth - has taken it up. She Eliza Pett
too, had precisely the same experience. ~~& she was~~
stopped her in the street; & asked her for 7/6: Mary happened to Eth.
~~Cheated too~~ in fact everything that happened to

But there was this great difference. Mary - I think I told
you - was a sober, rather a matter of fact girl: although she
showed lately a little rash in parting with 7/6, she was
naturally sensible, observant, & methodical. Thus when she
sat down to write, she wanted, as I said, to tell what
her story simply & straightforwardly, exactly as it ~~rather~~ a
happened. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was
Chatterbox. She loved talking herself, & hearing ~~was~~ other people
talk. She was observant, like Mary, but people interested
her ~~more~~ rather than adventures. She ~~was always~~ making
up It she went to a party, for instance, she would
always come back & tell you, ~~almost~~ word for word
what some one had said, & imitate their way of saying it.

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So when she started
She ~~, too, wanted~~ to write an account of this ~~mad~~ adventure.
~~But, naturally,~~ She did not want to write a simple
straight forward ~~&~~ story; She wanted to make her
brother realise ~~what had amazed her~~ what an extremely
funny woman ~~this~~ Eliza Pelt was. To begin with
Eliza was wearing a sealskin jacket, & a hat with red
feathers. She ~~had a~~ She ~~wanted to describe her, & what she had~~
~~said. Really, Elizabeth~~ Nothing else had struck her. ~~She had~~
~~given her off. she had gone for a walk: she had~~ ~~She saw~~
When she sat down to write all she saw was Eliza Pelt
standing in the street in her sealskin jacket with her hat on one
side, talking. She could hear her voice. She could remember her
words. She could remember feeling that this woman was ~~a~~
unlike anybody else ~~so~~ she had ever met.

You would think it was easy to write down a person's exact
words. Elizabeth tried. She wrote fast for a time. Then,
she stopped. Then she read what she had written. Then she
read again. Then she snatched up all the pages — & said she was
unsuccessful & [illegible]. & threw them into the fire.

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Thus it ought to have been easy, one would have thought, to describe this ~~scene~~. ~~indeed she did wrote~~ what she had written ~~down Eliza Fells words~~. But when she read them over, she was horrified. ~~There was not in the~~. She had described what Eliza looked like; she had repeated her very words. But it was quite dull, & lifeless; it was not in the least like her impression. And, for my own part I am not surprised. Elizabeth had set herself a harder task than Mary, I think.

knew what to leave out

Mary had to ~~arrange her story~~; to convince us it was true; to tell it ~~in an~~ easy vivid ~~way~~ language; But Elizabeth had to make another person talk. And what she found directly she tried was that it is no use repeating exactly what people say. The things people say are seldom amusing; it is the way they say them; ~~It is the kind of people~~ that amuses us. ~~it is~~ they interest us because, as they speak, we ~~can~~ invent their characters, or find out their motives. Just consider for a moment ~~how~~ what happens when one meets ~~two people~~ a person for the first time. Probably nothing much is said; very ordinary things are talked about; yet in half an hour one has made up one's mind that Mr. Jones is delightful; or that Mrs Smith is odious. & ~~the~~ But why? Could you give your reasons? ~~I think even~~ It is hard enough to say ~~what one~~ why one likes Mr. Jones even by word of mouth. And in ~~thinks about~~ writing it is infinitely more difficult.

& the more we knew her the more we shall like her;

Now let us read a little bit of Jane Austen's dialogue, & find out if we can how she does it. She too found people amusing. There was an old gentleman called Mr Woodhouse who amused her very much. First of all she describes him ~~as the~~ ~~occasion~~ of his ⊗ (His daughter's governess, Miss Taylor had just married Mr. Weston.)

7. X

he was a valetudinarian

Mr Woodhouse "was a nervous man, easily depressed; fond of every body that he was used to, & hating to part with them, hating change of every kind. Matrimony, as the origin of change, was always disagreeable; & he was by no means yet

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8 reconciled to his own daughter's marrying, nor could ever speak of her but with compassion, ... i.e. from his habits of gentle selfishness & of never being able to suppose that other people cd. feel differently from himself;

There we have Mr Woodhouse's character described; but a description is never so effective as a demonstration. ~~to~~ To make us know Mr Woodhouse, Jane Austen must make him talk. ~~And she does~~ ~~They~~ ~~for, as I have said, when people~~ And she does — she makes him talk about the marriage of Miss Taylor, his daughter's governess.

"Poor Miss Taylor! — I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr W. ever thought of her!"

9

~~Now there I think~~ The moment he opens his mouth we begin — as we do ~~with people we~~ meet — to know him: ~~What he says is amusing~~; ~~because it~~ The things he says are not in themselves amusing: but they are extremely amusing for the light they throw on Mr Woodhouse. Every thing that Jane Austen said about him is true. ~~Look how~~ We see that he was nervous & easily depressed; that he hated change, that his heart was friendly & his temper amiable, & that his talents cd. not have recommended him at any time. ~~Let us quote~~ ~~What a sort~~ then he was a ~~worthy he says~~ ~~And Jane Austen never~~ ~~passing~~ old mollcoddle — Listen to him at dinner.

24.

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I would like to go on quoting Mr Woodhouse: but ~~we~~ there is ~~must stop~~.
~~have~~ not time. But even in this half page I have read you,
Mr Woodhouse, ~~I think~~, becomes a real old gentleman, not
old in body so much as in habit; who lives a quiet sheltered life —
Miss Taylor's marriage is ~~the~~ only thing he can think about — kind; — for he
~~considers~~ thinks how much Miss Taylor will miss the comforts of this
house; kind ~~too~~ again, because he thinks of James & the horses,
but a dreadful molly coddle — how can Emma think of asking him
to walk to Randalls! — & ~~very~~ & ~~really~~ ~~always~~ very contradicting
~~hourly~~ as weak old gentlemen will a his mind change — first
Randalls is ~~so far~~, & then it is such a little way — &
then you will notice how he has to be humoured & flattered by
Emma — "That was your doing, Papa. You got Hannah that
good place" — ~~And he is so~~ ~~because he~~ from wh— you will
guess that he could be very trying; as a father & selfish in a mild placid
way; & then, you will see how ~~his only standard for~~ people
~~is~~ narrow his mind was, how he ~~could~~ judged people ~~by his own~~
by the way they shut doors gently & did not bang them — or
~~the~~ after all the thing that interests him most is health —
James, you see, "will be able to tell ~~how~~ Mrs Weston "how we all are"
In short Jane Austen has proved! that every single thing she said
about Mr Woodhouse in her description is perfectly true. & much more
~~And further,~~ For while he & Emma are talking, ~~she has made us feel~~
~~that without a word being said, merely because~~ ~~we~~ what they say
suggests ~~the whole~~ all sorts of things that are not said: ~~we~~
~~know~~ their ~~relations~~ attitude to each other, the sort of life they lead;
~~The~~ We began to ~~know them, both, as I said we know~~ what a very
& we are ready to begin ~~thinking~~ that Emma ~~will find Mr~~ Emma coming
Knightley before Mr Knightley ~~a very pleasant change after her father~~. And
how is all this done in half a page of talk? To begin
with, I ~~think it matters~~ am sure that ~~not a~~ Jane Austen had never ~~heard~~ known Mr
Woodhouse; I think it certain that the whole of this talk
was pure invention. Not ~~a word was written from memory~~. ~~What she has done~~
~~In real life, people never talk like that.~~
Nobody really talks as Mr Woodhouse talks. Certain
~~is to~~
For you see

he has only one or other idea in his head —

such a distance

naturally being afraid of draughts, & very self indulgent

imagining

will find Mr.

By pure invention I think; Not by copying doing what people say; a great deal of observation; & still more imagination; & further, by a ~~sense of~~ genius for writing prose

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that no one ever talks as Mr Woodhouse does:

next time you are in a drawing room ~~t a~~ & you will find
that real talk is full of interruptions; people begin sentences &
leave them unfinished; they never stick to the point: & ~~they~~
~~&~~ ~~I believe that the real Mr Woodhouse~~ People give one
~~an~~ a ~~very vivid~~ idea of their characters by what they
do as much as by what they say. ~~They~~ by their
We know them almost as much by what they do, ~~how they~~ dress,
by their manners, as by what they say. Jane Austen however
makes ~~the talk~~ her people talk ~~with~~ in perfectly
symmetrical sentences: & ~~they always~~ each replies is in
character; ~~Jane Austen had to~~ Now to convey to us
how amusing Mr Woodhouse was, Jane Austen has had first to
sketch his character, which she does so shortly, & so accurately
that we feel she knows exactly the man she has in mind;
next to imagine what kind of things an old man like that
would say — if old men like that ever do say
anything, which is very doubtful; & then, having
invented his words, she has to write them, not as
they were spoken, for then they wd. sound intolerably
ugly, but as generations of writers have decided that
~~it is best for~~ dialogue ~~to~~ shd. be written. Further, she
to fall into
will know when to describe him herself; when to make
him talk with his own tongue; & then again when
to ~~begin to break~~ hurry. All these things, perhaps,
she did unconsciously; for that is what a ~~fre~~ gift or
genius does; but she did them all the same; & she
was for ever watching her genius; & criticising it: as
we know from her letters. Poor Elizabeth then!
How, could she have ~~written down~~ what more
difficult task could she have chosen than to
make her brother realise how amusing Eliza Bell was!

that not a word of the dialogue contradicts or confuses this first impression;

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26

~~But everything is difficult in writing.~~ ~~Perhaps~~ It is foolish to say that one thing is harder than another. ~~[illegible]~~. Everything is difficult in writing. Take the case of poor Helen — ~~who was~~ the third girl to fall a victim to Eliza Pett. She was, I am glad to say, also the last; for shortly afterwards, Eliza Pett was discovered & sent to jail. Helen, I must explain, was ~~not~~ quite different from Mary & Elizabeth. ~~Her~~ She was not ~~very~~ observant; & she was not methodical ~~She was not greatly On the contrary She was so~~ She could not tell you, when she had been to a party, what people wore, or what they said. Yet for all that she ~~could~~ got ~~had a~~ very vivid ideas, or visions, or impressions — ~~not always, but~~ of ~~things she saw~~ — though ~~sometimes,~~ ~~of people~~ which, ~~as~~ because ~~they were~~ it was so vivid ~~to her~~, she wished to express to other people. On this occasion — she too having met Eliza & heard the same & ~~her story~~ ~~gone~~ given her 7/6. & gone for a walk, — ~~she too found herself~~ came back & tried to write a description of what had happened. But what had happened? ~~You may not believe me, but~~ the odd thing is that Helen ~~had no clear~~ remembered nothing of what Eliza had said: she could not even recall very clearly what she looked like. But what she could remember what was before her eyes at the moment, so that she cd. think of nothing else, was — ~~the figure of a~~ a woman's figure — hatless — against the sky. She ~~saw it, with~~ ~~for some reason this~~ She could have ~~painted~~ drawn this & coloured it. But that would not have satisfied her; for the emotion it gave her could only be expressed in words. Now what was her emotion? It was simpler than Elizabeth's. ~~She did not want to make~~. because she had not noticed nearly so many small things; ~~& could scarcely remember a word Eliza had said~~ As for ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ adventure — & what had happened — how she gone to Regents Park, & come back & seen her again — none of this had made any impression on her. No: ~~her emotion~~

where she stuck in

not I must explain

of whatever it might be — a party, a walk —

words, clothes, gestures — she had noticed hardly any of them

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What all she felt was that here was a woman— ~~who~~ no particular woman,—& here was the world. ~~She~~ Her emotion towards this woman & the world was very strong, ~~but so~~ ~~yet~~ but & ~~made up of different things:~~ ~~made up of~~ for it came over her, as she walked in Regents Park— that these two ~~things~~, ~~were~~ were in ^rather ^sympathetic ^the conflict. This beggar, Pelt, seemed to her to ~~be~~ throwing her arms up against the sky; & the woman, as ~~one has~~ she had seen a tree in winter waving its branches on the top of a hill. She felt a mixture of triumph—as if ~~one could~~ ^she backed the tree to stand up against the wind & the sky—& yet ~~she felt too,~~ ^she knew ~~that it~~ ~~knew that it~~ must be blown down ^the ^tree in the night. It would be blown down, & the snow would cover it. As she walked home, she felt ~~that~~ calm ^& cold ^& pure instead of angry, ~~for~~ at the idea of a vast snow ~~of~~ flakes falling silently all through the night.

But how should she write that? ~~For~~ women are not trees; & the Tottenham Court Road is not the world; & there was no snow falling.

The world was fighting Pelt. Pelt would be crushed. Pelt would die. She felt angry, sorry, & yet content. Images came one after another whirlwind. Pelt was a tree, on a hill; There was a gale blowing. The tree was blown down. It began to snow & the tree was buried. So her mind began racing & boiling & she ~~wrote ran~~ tried to write. ~~But what~~ And her account of meeting Pelt was such a jumble, ~~&~~ that when she read it over, she was ~~ashamed~~ ashamed— ~~because~~ ~~the woman~~ ~~was was a tree, & then~~ The woman was a tree, & Tottenham Court Road was a ~~gale~~ snow; then the tree turned ~~into a~~ ^had to talk; ~~beggar, then & began to talk~~; ~~the house were diffe~~ ~~the~~ Then she ~~wrote~~ started to describe a snowstorm. It was a muddle, without beginning or end.

~~So~~ Let us, then, ~~read & try~~

~~And here again,~~

This wretched red eyed, starved looking woman/

thinking

a

tumbling among ideas like these.

But how can you make a woman [illegible] talk

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see what she ought to have done by reading some writer who has
succeeded in ~~doing what Helen~~ where she failed to do.

~~I wish I could read to you the whole~~
There is: Mr. Hardy ~~has often done exactly what Helen tried to do.~~
He has often done this very thing. There ~~is a description of a~~
Do you remember Egdon Heath in — 2.
them too long for me to quote. And you will find ~~all~~ many other samples
of what I mean in the Wessex novels. ~~Nobody~~ I think surpasses
Mr. Hardy in doing what Helen tried to do — in making

I ~~have not time to quote, nor not would it be possible in one~~
It would not be possible in
~~for~~ one quotation to express what I mean. But think back over a
novel of Hardy's — The Return of the Native or Tess of the d'Urbervilles.
~~Egdon Heath~~ ~~We remember the Heath as much as we~~
The Heath — ~~Egdon Heath — or the Moor, or the Country~~ — is
is as important as the people. One thinks of Egdon Heath
& of Eustacia Vye — the girl who lived on the heath —
together. In ~~Tess of the d'Urbervilles~~ one thinks of
Tess with the fields behind her, & at the end, lying on the top of
Stonehenge. ~~Hardy~~ ~~He~~ These women are ~~both of them~~
real, but they are not real in the same way that Mr
Woodhouse is real. ~~The background is~~ They are in
conflict not with other peoples / but with / the world.
~~The~~ We do not know, in the least, ~~what they felt about when~~
how they talked over the fire to their fathers on the night of
their governess's wedding. [Often Hardy's men & women
talk & behave so unlike the men & women we know that we
can not believe that they are real. But then "real"
like "pleasure" is one of those words which ~~wants a great~~
~~deal of~~ ought to be discussed carefully before we use it.]
We ~~know~~ see them as Helen ~~knew~~ saw Eliza Pett against
the sky in Tottenham Court Road. They are
women in general rather than women in particular.
Had Mr. Hardy tried, to describe Eustacia as

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much in detail, as finely, as observantly, as Jane Austen described
Mr Woodhouse, I think he would have spoilt our emotion.
~~I think the great moments in her books come when~~ ~~for~~
we ~~do not want that~~ sort of reality we ~~could not~~ cannot feel ~~the~~ two
~~two things at once~~ ~~Mr Woodhouse~~ reality at once.
at the same moment. [On the other hand Can you imagine ~~Jane Austen~~
~~putting~~ Mr Woodhouse on the top of Stonehenge at
midnight?]

There are two different realities (to say the least). We ~~are~~
One kind of reality ~~appears~~ in company:
the reality of society ~~& the reality of solitude.~~ People often say
that Mr Hardy is not a great novelist because he cannot
This a mistake to say that there is only one kinds
There are many different kinds of reality. And
I think that in order to understand some novelists - like
~~Mr~~ Hardy & Conrad - you must ~~not~~ ~~to ask for reality~~ of
put up with a great deal of ~~what~~ melodrama of ~~&~~
stiffness & lack of ~~fine~~ detail, so that people often seem
a little ~~unhuman~~ & stiff; in order that you may get
this other reality; ~~which is the reality~~ of
the reality which we feel when we are ~~alone~~, in
the country, or at sea; ~~or~~ away from our own homes -
friend, ~~or~~ alone with the moon nature, or the sky. Helen, to express
her vision of Eliza Pett in Regent's Park, needed — so
you will see if you read in Hardy & Conrad - an
the power of ~~description~~. She needed the power to ~~[illegible]~~ invent, & also
to select, images. She needed a ~~large~~ general understanding
of human nature, rather ~~but not a~~ no very great power to
imagine their characters. She needed ~~to~~ the power,
~~which both Hardy & Conrad possess, of bringing~~ of
~~cut the scale~~ making her to make us feel that
she had felt this woman & this world in some
relation to each other. Do you remember Conrad's
Youth? There are what he does. ~~[illegible]~~. To have
all ~~these realities~~. Isn't surprising that she failed then
to describe her meeting with Eliza Pett?

Different kinds of
Ys this have
been
distracted
between two
kinds of
reality — the
reality of
society — that
is of Mr W.
~~or~~ reality to this
day —
the reality of
solitude — this
is of ~~Eustacia~~
~~Vye the~~ Egdon
Heath
melodrama

describing
nature — ✓

~~But~~
but that does
not mean that
she need have
known the names
of trees, or

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Now

These unfortunate people, Mary, Elizabeth & Helen, ~~have not~~ ~~only~~ lost 7/6 each; ~~but~~ they have failed to write a story; but they must console themselves by thinking that they now know; ~~how~~ know ~~a little how stories are written~~ ~~the difficulties of &~~, writing, & so are learning about ~~how~~ to reading.

something about

~~Now~~ But I expect you are saying to yourselves. This is ~~all~~ nonsense — reading is not difficult. How could one gallop through books in the way one does — how could one keep dinner waiting, & sit up to all hours of the night to finish a book if ~~it~~ ~~were~~ ~~as~~ reading ~~diff~~ were as difficult as ~~all~~ this? I admit that there are books that one cannot stop reading. But I think you will find ~~that~~ there ~~are~~ books — like ~~detective stories, adventure stories — where one wants to find out what happened~~ comes from ~~the~~ wishing to know what happens in the end. Once you know what happens, you cannot read the book again. ~~But that these books are unfortunate to~~ I should say that most books which one reads once with excitement, but ~~cannot read a second time~~ are not books; they are entertainments: ~~To~~ for one cannot read them again. On the other hand there are books — Jane Eyre is one of them — which one reads partly for the excitement the first time; ~~but~~ & can read any number of times afterwards. But I think you will find that ~~the quality which makes~~ Jane Eyre so ~~exciting at first is not the quality which you value most when you have read it several times.~~ has qualities which,

that the excitement ~~of~~

And a book wh. depends entirely upon what happens is not a ~~g~~ book.

But ~~this~~ a book may have this kind of excitement — I think Jane Eyre has it — ~~& yet has~~ which ~~makes it easy to~~ read, & yet have other qualities, ~~which are~~ more important, qualities ~~& tells~~ which ~~&~~ make themselves felt ~~when~~ when one ~~has~~ used up all the excitement of knowing what happens to Jane Eyre. And then I think it becomes difficult.

But I will of course admit that the pleasure of reading a difficult book may be so great that we do not notice

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how difficult this
that ~~we are working very~~ hard. We forget even that we ~~are~~ holding a book. reading. We seem to be living – not reading.

~~My point is~~ ~~But what I now wish to~~ This is one of the dangers of reading. It can give us so much pleasure that we do not realise how quickly our minds are working; & therefore how soon they will get tired. Suddenly the book seems as dull as ditchwater. We begin to yawn & stretch; & ~~accuse the author of being a bore.~~ Reading then becomes intolerable. Whatever it may be – ~~I~~ Jane Eyre, Lord Jim, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Pride & Prejudice – we cannot see the point of it; – & then comes that horrid moment when one does not know whether it is Conrad who is ~~a~~ stupid, or whether it is ~~I that am~~ only that one is merely. one is hates reading.

we cannot attend; we

But do you remember, how ~~when I beg~~ at the beginning. I said that there were different kinds of books – lions, elephants & tortoises? novels, biographies, & poetry? Try a change. If a novel bores you, ~~do not~~ leave it. Try something else – ~~Take up a biography~~. Try something different. Poetry is too like fiction to be a change. But biography is a very different thing. Go to the bookcase & take out any life of any body. But realise ~~Say to y~~ ~~Do not pretend~~ of course, what you are doing. ~~that you are~~ Realise that you are not going to get the same pleasure from a biography as from a novel or a poem. ~~Read~~ It must be ~~it~~ from a different point of view.

But from what point of view? Do you ever walk down a street & look in at the windows? People ~~have a habit of sitting~~ sometimes forget to pull the curtains: & one can see them sitting at dinner, or sitting talking, in arm: and talk the old people reading, or knitting: the young people dancing. Sometimes ~~one seems to be~~ a quarrel seems to be taking place. Anyhow there are two people arguing violently. Then one looks into the basement. There are the servants lounging back after tea, while the housemaid reads the paper, & the cook cuts out a dress. Up above

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a girl is dressing to go to a dance; standing in front of a looking glass doing her hair. Or an old lady is sitting at the window beside her parrot looking at the passers by. A ~~g~~ biographer says, "Do you want to know ~~what~~ ~~who~~ ~~Of the~~ where each of these people is? When they were born? how they were educated? ~~What~~ Whether they are married? What they do? Because if so I will find out all that is known ~~facts~~ about them; I will also get hold of their letters & diaries; ~~I will tell you whatever I can~~ find ~~out about each of them~~?" ~~I will not invent a thing.~~" So he begins:

called?

Thomas Watson was born on Feb. the 3rd 1868, at nine o clock in the morning. He was the son of John Watson, & of Eleanor his wife. The ~~family~~ Watsons had long been settled at Birkenhead & were highly respected in the neighbourhood ~~One of their ancestors~~ where for many years they had practised as solicitors, among ~~one of~~ their clients being the late Countess of ~~Radnor~~. So he goes on

The daughter of William ~~J~~ Thompson of Harrogate.

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But not at all in the same way that a novelist does it.
He has to tell the truth. The owner of this house ~~the old gentleman~~ whose widow is sitting with her parrot upstairs – ~~while his sons & daughters are dancing & talking~~, He was called Thomas Watson; ~~he was~~ ~~was born on the 4th Febry 1869~~. He adds that he was born on the 4th of Febry 1868.

The biographer has to find out ~~when he was~~

The ~~biographer~~ He has to tell the truth ~~& for this reason I~~ do not think we need take him quite so seriously as a novelist

I mean by this that the

The biographer

has to ~~He is trying~~ to tell us the truth; & he has got hold of all of his Watson letters & diaries; ~~he~~ He knows all the facts about the Watsons.

But but, for all that, I do not think we need take him quite so seriously as the novelist. For one thing, ~~Mr~~ Mrs Watson has forbidden Mr Green the biographer to ~~mention~~ tell ~~the fact~~ about ~~that her~~ the temper of her husband's ~~had~~ in waiting to throw the plates at her head if his porridge was cold; ~~Mr Green can only say that has to say that~~

for facts are only an inference over effects

But that has to be left out. Then there is this difficulty:

Her

So you have to find out the truth about Mr Watson temper for yourself

very few people write good letters or good diaries. Thomas Watson's letters were like this "~~Dear~~ Dear Jemima. Just a line to let you know that I arrived safely. The train was 10 minutes late, which considering the weather, is not bad. Unfortunately owing to Ellen's carelessness my sponge was packed still [illegible] wet, & has I fear utterly spoilt my ~~dress~~ new dress waistcoat. ~~Pl~~ Unless she will undertake to be more careful in future, I do not see how we can possibly ~~keep her~~. I would willingly stretch a point, as I know she is a dutiful daughter, but I ~~can assure you~~ all the ~~same we cannot have our~~ must insist either that you give the girl notice or superintend the packing in future yourself." ~~There are perhaps~~ ~~3, one letter like that~~ I have excellent news of Tom. He is has grown 3 inches in & in less than six months. & Mr Roberts tells me he is taking more trouble, hence better results, with his arithmetic".

She no mind to but I feel that the time has come when you

That is not a good ~~That is the kind~~

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letter. ~~But~~ Mr Green has being a biographer has to print it word for
word as it stands. ~~But.~~ ~~A novelist imagining but Watson~~,
No novelist would dream of putting a letter like that in the
middle of a novel. But
Hence. many biographies ~~are for the most~~ part ~~crammed with~~ not
works of art at all, in the sense that novels are; & ~~whatever~~ ~~are~~
~~also~~ they are full of lies. But / they have this astonishing merit.
Old Mr Watson was a ~~perfectly~~ real ~~person~~ man. Therefore,
however badly he may write, / he often   So that a biography is
almost always full of bad letters: & full of extracts. But
now read Mr Watson's letter a second time, & it will strike you
that he was a peppery ~~old~~ man, but very fond of his son Tom.
~~Start with them~~ See how far you can ~~tackle this in your head~~, you
~~read his with [illegible] abstract~~; ~~you may be wrong~~.
~~Such~~ so you will start, making up old Watson for yourself. Besides the
amusement & pleasure of doing this, there is
~~You will not be too~~   Stay, the pleasure of reading biographies
comes from making out what the person was like for ourselves -
making him up - refusing to be deceived - getting at the truth.
And then, ~~biographies have~~ there is a truth in biographies which we
cannot have in novels - there are facts: Mr Watson was a
shipowner; & I can assure you his account of a voyage to
S. A. in a leaky ship, when the men were ready to mutiny -
almost as good as a story by Conrad. ~~Then he~~ ~~And then~~
Besides, how many queer bits of knowledge one picks up from -
book like this! Do the price of leather in 1888: how to,
Mr Watson's life. And

This is the sort of thing you pick out of Mr Watson's life.
by the time you have finished it - this, in 3 large volumes -
you know exactly what ~~everybody~~ the old ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Watson~~'s are like:
everyone in that house was doing: how they dressed; & how they
quarrelled: & had liked each other; ~~& even~~ one knows the
parrots name even, & what a very clever bird it was: one
~~knows the~~ One knows the parrot even. For really we
have had the run of the house. We have turned out the wardrobes & the
writing table drawers. We have been down into the kitchen & [illegible].
We have ransacked their most private possessions.

as the biographer
cannot
invent; he
has to accept
it after he has
to /

So you will
balance one
thing with
another: & you will
piece together your
own & try & find reasons
for things

Then

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And we believe that every people actually did & suffered things.
& also there is a quality in truth, which only the greatest novelists
can surpass. Mr Watson told a story of a voyage to South
America in a leaking ship when the crew threatened to
mutiny which is as exciting almost as a story by Conrad
In the end then, you will feel that you know that house full of
Watsons from the top story to the basement. of some
You will know much more than ~~they have actually told you~~.
You will ~~know about~~ the old lady's her parrot; ~~the~~
you will have them before your eyes: ~~you will~~ know an extraordinary
number of odd little unexpected facts ~~about them~~: you will
be You will know the parrot & the cook. You will know
much more than you are supposed to know. ~~It~~ is as if ~~you had~~
been ~~living without house~~, And you will have the same mixed feelings ~~&~~
admiration & for ~~them~~ as for real people: But I think it
very likely that you will skip - Nobody ~~could~~ ~~see~~ except Mr Green the
biographer - could read all Mr. Watson's letters. And a moment
~~will come~~ I feel sure, ~~when~~ To that, at last a moment
comes ~~when~~ & full of such dreary events too - Louisa's
marriage; & how she bought a dining room table & six
chests of drawers at the Army & Navy Stores: & then met
her father at Charing Cross & they ~~he~~ caught the 8
15 train home, & arrived safe, though tired, after a
~~long but~~ fatiguing day. ~~One cannot go on making~~ Moreover, ~~the~~,
These details become in the end exhausting: (I think you will agree)
since Mr Watson had no gift
for ~~letter~~-writing, you will gradually feel as if you had been
lying in a bed which ~~he~~ had not been made for a week: or
had come down to dinner in a flannel dressing gown ~~belonging to~~
eight sizes too big: nothing can express the pettiness or
slovenliness & untidiness which ~~these~~ ~~sentences~~ bad writing
~~causes~~ produces, however amusing it can be, after a time.
To now quickly, to restore ~~our~~ yourself, read poetry.
Take down Milton - Read Lycidas - Read Cowper - Read

for the Watsons

They are appallingly dull.

(the Watsons always did arrive safely tho' they were often tired)

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Samson Agonistes. Read even three lines of Paradise Lost ~~to~~ ~~recover from the Watsons~~.

~~Here we are, then, reading poetry.~~ — But how should we read poetry.² [Here we are again, hungry for lions & tigers, after ride on that vast clumsy heavy footed, but wise & ~~lazy~~ delightful beast the elephant.] Here we are again asking that question. Much of what we have been saying about fiction applies to poetry. We found, when we tried to write a story, how ~~we had to know~~ the novelist knows what to leave out, how he arranges his ~~matter~~ material, how, ~~too, he may be struck by~~ the same event strikes him differently: ~~it is~~ an adventure, a comedy, or a tragedy according ~~as he is born~~ to his temperament: & ~~, it~~ all this applies equally to poetry. ~~The important thing for us as readers, is to discover~~ But of those three girls I described to you, it was Helen I ~~think~~ who had most of the poet in ~~her~~ her. She saw a woman against the sky. When we were comparing Emma with Tess of the d'Urbervilles we said that there were two kinds of reality: one, when we are sitting by the fire talking; another, when we are alone on Stonehenge at midnight. Poetry is for the most part about this second kind of reality. It is about the things that we feel when we are alone. in solitude. It describes our ~~feelings for people;~~ It may be about a person, but the person ~~may be~~ is so far away that one scarcely knows his name. Lycidas for instance is, I think, about a young man called King who was drowned. But ~~we know none~~ ~~of the~~ But we know far less about him than we know ~~about~~ we know is about Mr Watson the ship owner. Milton's ~~feeling~~ felt about Death & youth. ~~This is generalised~~ And often we feel most passionately & strongly when we are alone; when we are thinking about people, ~~or~~ in their absence, & to come not seeing them; when we are able to ~~collect~~ ~~our mind~~ in together thinking about things in general — the end of the world, say, or the misery of poverty, or the beauty of spring. Then

according as he is Mary, Elizabeth, or Helen;

She did not see [illegible] against Jordan Manor

T. C. R.

There was one kind of reality, E's, another.

in the Bristol Channel.

~~that~~ & the corruption of the clergy

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a vision comes before us of one Spring which is made up of
all the Springs we have ever seen: ~~this too~~ All these
details we ~~melt tog~~ mix together & make into one. So
probably Milton wrote Lycidas not about one man in particular
but by remembering what he had felt for thousands of young people. death
& tyranny – corruption. The emotion is therefore extremely strong.

Metre, rhyme
language to
add to this.

Hence everything becomes close, tight fitting, clear & sharp again:

But how shd. one read poetry?

both. only very vaguely & generally.

but we hardly know his name: we know what Milton
felt about death & youth: & the ~~corruption of the~~ clergy.
Indeed, if Milton had told us more about Mr. King we
should have felt less ~~st~~ strongly what he felt about death –
youth & the corruption of the clergy. A poet collects
together a great many emotions, & mixes them ~~together~~, & pours
them out all in one stream. ~~We often~~ Thus he gets one
General emotion of great strength, instead of several smaller
emotions of lesser strength. ~~Perhaps~~ ~~after all~~, we all of us
do this from time to time. Suppose you ~~are walking~~ in
Think how suddenly the feeling of Spring comes over you
when you find a violet on a winters day. Then at once
you imagine Spring — not last spring, which was wet, or
a particular Spring day when you went for a bicycle ride:
no: ~~you~~ all ~~the Springs you can remember~~ you
~~take something from every Spring you can remember~~ &
you now imagine from as many springs as you can remember imagine
one general idea of what a Spring day is. And this
is often a ~~very~~ & make up an idea of Spring,
which is often, ~~very~~ to twenty at least, extremely beautiful;
to make that emotion vivid to
very vivid,

But we are
all poets

but you take
severally

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~~another person~~
~~The poet makes that emotion vivid to other people:~~
~~This emotion is different from the novelist's emotion:~~
This emotion is very quickly over: ~~What a very~~ Therefore poems are
generally short – ~~much shorter than stories~~. But they are —
feel like this vision of spring – extremely intense. So ~~you~~ the poet
~~uses to~~ writes his words in metre. Metre is a kind of dance
~~Dumb~~ music, which makes words step in time to it, & gives them,
even apart from their meaning, a quickness or a slowness, a
gay ~~measure~~ step, or a ~~solemn~~ sad one. He sets it to music — that is
he writes his words in metre. ~~Then as the poet,~~
~~far more than the biographer,~~ then in ~~reading poetry~~,
~~think how of the language~~ There is the language. ~~Now in~~
When we were discussing novels, I said nothing about language;
because ~~what one can say about language~~. but now let us
say something about this very difficult matter. There are
people who will ~~praise~~ say that ~~language of a poem or story~~
& yet say that ~~It is frequently said that~~ The chief
~~Now for~~ ~~When you are~~
~~People~~ ~~I want~~
thing to remember is this – both in poetry & prose the
~~words &~~ the idea & the words ought to be one & the same
thing. In bad writing like Mr. Watson's ~~letters~~ there ~~was~~ is an enormous
gap between ~~them, he sa wrote one thing & we had to~~
what he says & what he means. "It was a rattling good
party last night & I enjoyed myself top hole" Mr Watson
said. But that conveys many different ideas: he may, have ~~been~~
liked the food, or enjoyed the moonlight. His daughter may have been
admired. He may have cracked a good joke & made every one
laugh. But Keats ~~says fills his sentences to the brim with meaning~~: he says about the song of the
says exactly what he means:
nightingale —

People will tell you that ~~you can~~ a poem ~~words~~ can be beautifully
written, & yet have very little meaning: ~~they will~~ If a poem
~~tell you th~~ That is utterly impossible. It is beautiful all through.
or a story is beautifully written.

does all he can
to intensify his
meaning

is one of
enormous
importance
~~what one~~ in
reading —
whether
poetry or
novels.

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wrote say
~~Never believe~~ people who separate words from their meaning,
or say that a book can be good 'technically', that is
can be well made when it is in itself bad or feeble.
~~This is only said by people who do not~~
~~These things are frequently~~ said – because we live in an age
who ~~Of~~ people ~~who~~ read ~~when~~ who they are not interested in
reading – ~~to pass the time~~, to : ~~but~~ Brush all that aside.
~~His idea~~
Look at the lines of Keats I have read you. ~~There~~
~~in those words~~ There is a sense in which the idea in those
lines is simple: ~~this that~~ there is one nightingale who has
always sung, to Emperor & clown: but ~~the things that has~~
~~the idea suggests see~~ of the suggestions of the idea – the
vision, the images it ~~creat~~ creates in us – are extremely ~~subtle~~
difficult & beautiful, & only to be expressed by ~~an~~ write the
a marvellous flight of words ~~so~~ wh. keeps up near it & becomes one with its,
flight & penally flings ~~a not overt~~ & becomes pace with the
idea inseparable from it when the mind keeps pace without
There is that kind of writing
idea, & can translate it invariably and glen
a stumble: Keats Shelley write
~~Poet~~ Sometimes ~~a writer~~ there in reading poetry we have
to urge our mind to their quickest & to expand them to
their widest. But those ~~images are~~
At other we have to
But we cannot say ~~or that is~~
~~There is no separation~~
a major

~~read as as~~
as writers: only
as ~~where~~
outsiders:
Otherwise you
will always
remain outside
your book

& put up
words as if they
were shells
that you
could make
to pretty
patterns

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It is possible that Keats wrote those words in a flash — the phrase being born into words as he conceived it; or it is possible that the thought waited a little way off, & he had to try one word ~~after~~ another before he could bring it coax the thought ~~exactly into~~ ~~before~~ so fully into the light — Either way, ~~he~~ his whole effort was to make the idea & the ~~one~~ words one ~~&~~ inseparable. ~~Whole~~. ~~Perhaps this needs~~ genius — it certainly needs ~~an~~ immense courage & tenacity. For it would be much easier to let the complex idea escape, & palm off ~~words~~ pretty words ~~which~~ that come to hand upon the reader. ~~No~~ ~~prose writer poet or prose writer worth do this however~~ ~~people who say — as they often do say — that ~~~~Moreover, the~~

But in good poetry & good prose ~~there is never~~ the poet or the novelist refuses ~~to do this~~: he makes his fit as close as he can. & you will see how delicate & strange & on the very horizon of things some of his ideas are — how they seem partly to be partly right, partly sound — ~~so~~ for ~~complex we are; & so few are so~~ we are very complex, & words are very few. But never believe people who say that language can be split apart from meaning — that a poem can be beautifully written when it is feeble in itself. If a poem or a story is beautifully written to the beginning & the idea technically We can trace the beauty of the words Nor can a book be good Any more can a house be well built when it is beautiful all through. ~~Brush all that aside~~. when it is mediocre in meaning. Subtly dist.

These things are said by people who have never got inside a book: ~~but have played apart on the outside,~~ plays about with words as ~~sticks~~ ~~They~~ ~~Brush~~ ~~like~~ & suppose that a writer ~~picks up words &~~ ~~arrange pattern as if~~ they were shells on a beach. But you must get inside books. you must ~~be ready~~ to judge beauty ~~all that aside~~. ~~As reader~~ Never talk of magic: when you mean cunning & prettiness. ~~distinguish~~ the ~~between~~ the real from the sham.

~~Yes~~ With those words, I have let ~~my~~ a cat out of the bag which I have ~~been~~ tried keeping ~~cover~~ shut up all this time. ~~Hitherto~~ Up to this point I have said stress you must judge. I ~~have~~ said that you must upon ~~reading~~ sympathy. understand the writer, difficult, go lend him your imagination, take his evidence carefully. skillfully in your own mind. But & build them up.

~~Start is only~~ now, when the book is finished, you must judge. —

To do this as Keats did it;

The first

& here, in order to express them, he has to bring words together in the most peculiar way.
~~But~~ Yes, words may often seem strange, but that may be simply that the idea itself is a very strange one, & , in order to be expressed in words, makes them who are so few, must throw them into queer orders, blow them into strange ranges

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~~Further, you must judge for yourself.~~

And who is going to help you to come to a right judgement?

Nobody except

~~Who is going to teach you when a friend~~ ~~only~~ from yourself.

But it ~~is~~ is impossible, you may say, to combine the two ~~things~~ such different things
at once: be sympathetic, be stern; be friend & a young judge with a
wig on her head. ~~& a black cap to put on it~~ I never concealed
from you the fact that reading is difficult. But let us
spend our last few minutes in considering how ~~one may change~~
this change from friend to critic can be accomplished.
~~You will find it comes naturally.~~ Let us suppose that you
have read your book, sympathetically, from within. Now this done:

The last page is read

And, when I am mistaken, ~~your mind will~~ ~~in~~ you will be in a
~~state~~ assured state of mind. ~~Nothing will seem more impossible than~~
~~When a~~ The friend comes says to you "Do you ~~like that book~~? Is it a
good book?" you cannot answer. Some things are good, & some
bad. Parts annoy, parts dull. ~~And~~ Parts stand out clearly, ~~&~~
others have sunk away. In short, it is all ~~a~~ jumble.
~~Never~~ mind. ~~Do~~ Happily for you, you are not a reviewer, &
do not have to shoot out an opinion on the spur of the moment.
You can go for a walk, think of other things, play a game,
mend a frock. And then suddenly without your willing it
the book wh- you read perhaps a week ago will float up into your
mind complete. The things you noticed when you were actually
reading it will have arranged themselves. Now you can think of
the book as a whole. Now you can become a judge. And
how are you to judge? Purposely I have left myself no time to
go into that; for what I said at the beginning is true — you
must judge for yourself. But the way to set about judging a
book is I think this: get this image of the book as a whole

as

clear as you can: think about it till you can almost see it;
& then argue, discuss, come to blows if need be with ~~another~~ a]
& then after a novel, or a
friend who has read it.]

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x Then having decided what kind of book this is – whether this is of the class of comedy, tragedy or narrative, call up in your mind the best book you know in that class – & compare the two. The new book which you have just read will show up against the old book as a tree shows or a house shows up against a full moon. You begin then to compare them: you begin then to get some notion of the quality of the new book. The older you grow & the more books you have read the more of these ~~patterns~~ will be ~~hanging in your mind, to~~ wholes will be hanging in your mind, so that when a new book comes along you can have a wid many to compare with it. And you will become more & more skilled to bring out the one against the other.

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Bits of lace you will not want to let them books hang in your
wardrobe until they get faded. If you will want to read
them again, & bring keep them up to date.

I ~~began with a confession~~ –

And at last you will come to know ~~why~~ what you think of a book, &
why you think it.

To read in this way – with ~~great sympathy but with great~~
severity, is so important that

Perhaps ~~there is nothing more important than~~
nothing matters more. For though it is possible that you
will never write books yourselves,
when you have reached this point –
And then you will be a very important & valuable ~~citizen~~ person.
For when you ~~know how to read a book,~~

– if you read like this –

For then you will control literature – ~~You may never write a
book yourself or~~ which is better to my mind than controlling
armies & navies. ~~& all the rest of it.~~ ~~For if you read books~~
You will make writers ~~respect your opinion~~ respect you, instead of
laughing at you. ~~At the critical moment,~~
Writers will begin to write for you – they ~~will~~ respect you.
You need not write books yourselves; you need not become
reviewers; no – all you have to do is to talk; &
somehow your talk will find its way into ~~the ears of~~
writers' ears. ~~they will feel that~~ As they sit down to
write in the morning they will be conscious of
& ~~they will say~~ when they are writing. & they will
& ~~they will that, even~~ as they are ~~writing,~~
write better, because they will feel ~~I am being read~~
their is going to be read sympathetically & intelligently: but
but also severely. ~~I can assure you that~~
They will feel that it is no good trying to put you off with
prettiness instead of beauty or ~~dullness~~ cleverness instead of
wit. You will see through their pretences. And

read & to say
what ✓
judgment ✓

instead of fearing as
I think they often
do now; there is
nobody to write for,

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matter. You may talk to me of the pleasures of Writing &

And so ~~many~~ some girls will cease writing, which will be good, & some will write masterpieces – & others will plod along honestly doing good work as far as in them lies

Really I believe that if every one in this room was to read intelligently we should soon have another Shakespeare.

While ~~when I think of the~~

& then the pleasure – you may talk to me of the pleasure of your discipline your study, your Geography your mathematics – how you ~~dance & sing~~ or mend your own clothes – but are you the pleasures of ~~these~~ is nothing compared all ~~these school work~~ with the pleasure of reading:

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Tchekov on Pope.

The Rape of the Lock.

The Haslewood Press. 7/6 n.

a ~~crit.~~

It is a sad thing for us common readers that we have no critic to keep us on the rails. When Mr Courthope ~~wrote about~~ summed up Pope in 1889 he had ~~the~~ the great advantage ~~of~~ over us ~~in~~ that Matthew Arnold had laid ~~it~~ it down, only a few years previously, that "Dryden & Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." ~~Here was something hard to hit against.~~ He had also said that "poetry is a criticism of life", & that men must turn to it more & more "to interpret life" X ~~for the moment~~ (no doubt it is for the moment only) X Here was something hard to hit against, often disagreed, something firm to lean upon & often acquiesced. ~~But since criti~~

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But ~~since~~ since these things ~~were said over forty years ago~~, & have not been ~~replaced, though time has inevitably~~ added its note of interrogation, & ~~in default of sentences~~ ~~to put on these lead what can~~ the reader, ~~do~~, in default of something to hit against or lean upon, ~~But it is not~~

1880

But these sayings get out of date, ~~not that they want renewing every thirty years or so~~, ~~by people who have~~. New ~~sentences~~ ~~sayings are~~ We want new sayings to hit against or lean upon, or criticism to keep critics up to date; ~~In default~~ ~~default of them~~ ~~so~~ for default of which we can only flounder about in the flood, & lay hold of whom we can to interpret Pope for us — ~~for~~ ~~Probably we~~ ~~Probably~~ ~~for example Tchekhov.~~ ~~we~~ ~~And probably lay hold of the Russians~~ in our generation we read Pope by the light of Tchekhov. ~~It~~ may be Proust; it may be ~~It~~ Wells, it may be Tchekhov.

not that ~~they~~ ~~become~~ the critics
not that they
they become
feeble:
neither
It is easier to
be a good critic.
but he easier to
~~than he learns~~
to read; there are
the Russians, the
French

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It affects the bigger things of the. We are attracted not by the light of the stars of France but by the lingering drawn cloudy Russian harvest moon.

Probably for many of us it is Tchekhov. ~~As that~~ All
through the twentieth century, there has come stealing
across from Russia ~~the~~ an infection, which
for the Russian infection has permeated English literature
since the days of Matthew Arnold. Our insularity has gone.
And when ~~we~~ chance throws the Rape of the Lock in our
way — so ~~seductively~~ or that ~~most persuasive~~
chance in the persuasive guise of the Hazlewood Press, whose
~~for~~ edition is all that one can ask for —
we read the Rape of the Lock through the Russian mist.
Like other mists this miasma from the vast plains
of Russia enlarges. Whatever it rests upon. whether ~~loosens~~, &
frees. ~~For what they are~~ their fate ~~may be~~, what the
It may be the peasant; it may be the field; it may be the heart.
But ~~Ah~~! What a relief! ~~All~~ our ligatures are loosened, our
prejudices relaxed; & as ~~the little English hedgerows disappear~~
we feel ourselves expanding & filling some vaster prospect
than ~~But at once the feeling of expansion relaxing~~;
But just as our English ~~the~~ fields become vast lakes of mist in the an
autumn morning, so the heart expands under the Russian
influence, the features spread, the boundaries disappear.

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~~This metaphor~~ ~~If the metaphor would~~ imply
~~these follows~~ in England,

The effect of this mist is curious; it enlarges, glorifies;
the heart expands; features spread; boundaries
disappear; ~~that~~ & ~~it also creates~~ it creates in English minds ~~at any~~
~~rate ethical~~
we become democratic — it is to love the poor & hate the rich is democratic;
~~Hence these~~ Certain results seem to follow, in England at
any rate. — Certain judgments are passed & doctrines laid
down, ~~which~~ ~~these~~ Our hearts should be filled with love
towards our fellows, & ~~there is~~ a stigma attaches to ~~those~~,
~~books de~~voted to the & idle rich. ~~Further, the~~ So, too, the
~~magnifying glass is laid upon~~ the heart; ~~as~~ found to be
more tumultuous than English literature had ~~ever~~ divined:
under the Russian magnifying glass it] — yet
its boundaries are fluid; & the horizon is all a welter of
~~tossing waves &~~ winds & waves. ~~Now take of~~

We should be
democratic:

the poor heaven
more than the
rich) –

with all this
booming &
singing in
our ears,

B In such a world as this, what place is there for
Pope? How can we reconcile it with our conscience
to spend an hour over the Rape of the Lock, which it
will be remembered, deals ~~with such~~ ~~suppers~~ —
~~for~~ frivolities as locks of hair & ladies dressing tables?
~~The characters are~~ & the aristocracy? [Further,
in this little book of under 60 pages there are signs
of ~~a love of language~~. that the writer spent ~~what~~
infinite pains upon ~~language & the~~ the niceties of expression.
~~Instead of magnifying~~ ~~And then the smallness~~ of it all!
~~There~~ ~~the poem centres~~ ~~this like~~ Everything
appears to be a tenth of its natural size.
The centre of this world is a dressing table; & the objects we
are invited to consider ~~are~~ hair pins ~~&~~
combs & teacups. The world has shrunk to the
size of a ~~foot baller~~ pin head; – & after looking at the world

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through the Russian magnifying glass we can hardly distinguish
the tiny objects upon which the ~~English writer lavished his love.~~
we English ~~we~~ once upon a time looked so ~~contentedly~~ complacently.
Pope, after all, had not lived through the war; ~~he had~~ was the
~~he was, as Matthew Arnold said not a poet but a~~ prose writer
he a poet, according to Matthew Arnold.

we

But ~~let us confess, if it is a confession, that~~; ~~But~~ But there are
~~advantages in reading their own language.~~ ~~with we must~~;

Stooping
& peering

~~of~~ Straining our eyes at this ~~minute object~~ — a ludicrous
dressing ~~table~~ — ~~gradually~~ we ~~perceive~~ gradually
perceive — but can it be imagination merely? that nevertheless
the objects ~~themselves~~, frivolous as they are, positively glow.

"This Casket India's glowing ~~to~~ gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box.
The Tortoise here & Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled & the white".

But, after all, what is ~~mere~~ beauty of material objects
in a world riddled with suffering & sin? balm for the soul
How it comes about, Heaven knows, but there is poison wins us.
in such word. ~~And Cowley~~ the windows poison
this old dead beauty. One begins to feel that though it is
so tiny — merely a dressing table — a whole civilisation lies
before our eyes — But how corrupt, how ephemeral
conscience whispers. ~~No~~; But we counter conscience.

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One cannot help but read them again to get the flavour of them. And as we read them, they become hard & substantial &
Can it be simply that the insidious devil Beauty has again taken possession of us, & made

The dressing table becomes large & larger ~~more~~ some more important every minute beneath our gaze. Can it be simply that the insidious devil, Beauty, has again taken possession of us, & distorted our sense of values? And then as we read on, how the lady dressed & ~~went~~ took boat for Hampton Court, while the sylphs collected about the masthead, ~~&~~ something like gaiety takes possession of us. Yet ~~the boat~~ is

Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, & all the World was gay

Yet these are human beings. They have, presumably, souls. ~~How can we watch this they be happy then, how~~ Whence flows this laughter, this happiness, this ~~poor~~ frivolity ~~& then~~? ~~And why is it that~~ It is true that our sentiments are not unmixed. There is the oddest conflict in the atmosphere; a concussion above our heads, of honour & new brocade, ~~movement &~~ ~~perpetual~~ of laughter — of something which is not laughter, ~~whence a~~ & which lends a rainbow brightness. all the air is ~~which~~

~~There merry that~~ ~~It is in part the result of odd~~ Honour & a new brocade, husbands & lap dogs, ~~so~~ — there are so aptly rapped together; ~~& the~~ ~~so that~~ & we feel (for ~~& both a flicker of~~ ~~but no be~~ the author does not trouble to instruct us) ~~nothing is~~ ~~that~~ something transient is never perhaps, something foolish in the human race — &, ~~but how this is~~ ~~But it is~~ limited & born to perish in beauty. ~~But~~ But the means are so slight that we hardly ~~hint~~; the means ~~almost wonder~~ after But this is conveyed by so slight a nod, so swift a hint — in lines like

Is it only the semblance? that of joy?

a column of brittle ~~elements~~ particles of fairy, lend the air a rainbow brilliance — tingibility.

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And tho he plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards.

or

When those fair Suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust

that we scarcely know whether we have not exaggerated the meaning & ~~pass on~~ ~~own copious~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~emotion~~ ~~to~~ given too lugubrious a turn to ~~raillery~~. ~~smooth~~ to the ~~quick~~ flash of

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& furnished a tear from our own lachrymatories.

more profound ~~But our~~ ~~phrase~~ ~~most~~ ~~deeper~~ doubt lies elsewhere.
There is another source of confusion — ~~When we read these lines~~ ~~how the Sylphs~~ the language. A few lines about ~~some~~ insignificant & imaginary beings — Sylphs & Sylphids —
place ~~Elevate~~ us beyond the bounds of reason. ~~Or it is a line about~~ the Clarity, the exactitude of every line, & the ~~degree of reality which~~ firmness & brightness which every Or ~~these lines upon~~ the little creatures he says ~~if they~~ shall

Be stopt in Vials, or transfixt with Pins;
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's Eye:

And until we recollect ourselves, the clarity, the exactitude, ~~the~~ of these lines, the economy of others,

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.

26 the poetry of these

To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs;
To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs
A brighter Wash —

how can it be, we ask ourselves, that such lines as, these, when the Rape of the Lock is shut in the bookcase, work ~~upon us while we read them~~ us into the belief that there is something final in this art: a point where we can settle, a resting place to which we can return. When the Rape of the Lock is shut in the bookcase, such lines will burn in memory & lure us back. ~~But instantly we consider;~~ ~~A~~ The little thought ~~soon~~ brings confusion. After all, what information do they convey? ~~What~~ ~~Then~~ do they teach us, what reason

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is there for our pleasure? Further, are we not aware that the concoction of such phrases ~~ate up all Popes~~ may eat up the better part of a morning — indeed, that ~~as we~~ Pope's health was ruined by his addiction to literature as a boy?[2] ~~As for~~ his character, the less said the better. Spiteful, lying, vindictive, mean, the only excuse for him lies in his ~~health~~ frailty, & the fact that he was not at a public school.

What

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have they done us; or prompted
What good ~~have they do they do, or lead~~ us to do? This
breach once made in our defences a whole horde of doubts
swarm in. [To create this temporary illusion of pleasure,
a human being tortured himself–] The concoction of such
phrases may eat up the better part of a morning.
~~The~~ An addiction to literature may ruin the health—
Pope, it is said, might have been a healthy man but for
~~his love of books.~~ long writing. And further, unless we
adopt the oyster ~~ha~~ view, & hold that the beauty of the
pearl ~~[illegible]~~ justifies the disease, how can we rejoice in
beauties that spring from ~~the~~ a diseased soul?
It ~~that it is all very puzzling; as we begin to think.~~

Limits, however & stinted

Dears Once one begins ~~to~~ pitting writer against writer
such confusions are bound to arise. Still
To ~~magnify or~~ And yet
once, shutting the book, one begins to think. ~~[illegible]~~
~~But~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~For the~~
reading, Everything { ~~[illegible]~~ makes us ask ourselves, the Rape of the Lock
There are the questions { which, setting ~~Whether or~~ we ask ourselves.
against Russian ~~Drama~~ literature
Russian literature, or { that version of Russian literature
which prevails in these island, ~~we ask ourselves~~
~~And it~~ Should we ~~be~~ good ~~or bad~~ would well or ill,
magnify or minify; should we hate the rich or love
the poor, does it matter which, what constitutes
good writing, what bad; ~~does how can we~~ what does love mean;
~~Can English writers love, can~~
is love the same for Russians & for English—
& are we eternally damned for believing that there is
as much love of this kind in the diseased little man, — as in all the
as much service, & as much virtue — Not that we want
books of all the Russians; Only other—
to throw a stone at them — no. ~~popular idea~~ of them.

Humblebee,
Dodder Hill
Caroline Bog
Wenniats Brake,

"a slow twisting hunt".
'a brilliant gallop'.

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Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton Esq.

by Nimrod.

Edward Arnold & Co. 21/-

Do you want to know what sort of person your neighbour is
in a deck chair on Brighton pier? – Watch then which column
of the Times – she has brought it, rolled, like a conductor's
baton & it lies on the top of her ~~b a~~ ~~basket~~ bag – she ~~[illegible]~~ reads
~~first~~. first. ~~strange to relate~~, it ~~was~~ is the Sporting news.
~~Strange~~ Yet one could have sworn that there was
nothing but ~~Acts of Parlia~~ Acts of Parliament in that ~~[illegible]~~ bag,
finding of commissions, & a frugal meal of ham sandwiches.
~~for a look at the lobbies to the~~ ~~She is~~ She is an
unpaid public servant of some sort; & ~~[illegible]~~ for a
moment on the way on Brighton pier, while Madame Rosalba the
Champion lady diver ~~[illegible]~~ dives for coins or ~~[illegible]~~ soup plates
off a ~~high~~ platform high above the sea she is only to refresh
herself before tackling ~~her the~~ the rigours of ~~public life in London~~
renewing her attack upon ~~the~~ some social iniquity in London.
Yet she ~~read the racing news~~ she begins by reading the ~~racing~~
~~news~~. sporting news.

But ~~there is no great marvel in it.~~ ~~After all, there~~
is ~~nothing to marvel at.~~ ~~the~~ Racing, ~~hunting, shooting~~,
~~are~~ But there is nothing surprising in it after all. The great English
Hunting & racing & shooting [are supported]
sports are carried on ~~& flourish~~, almost as
fiercely by great ~~ladies~~ women who ~~sedentary~~ men &
who ~~cannot~~ sit a donkey or drown a mouse
as by the booted & spurred. They hunt in
imagination. They follow the Berkeley & the
Cottesmore, the Quorn & the Belvoir: They ~~rove~~ roll on their lips the beautiful ~~or~~
~~They follow the~~ roll ~~over~~

She is [illegible] Conservative. able.

Eight pound on a platform above the sea

who would be destined to

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place nam

Ice

& then, to ride home again, jostled, splashed, ~~[illegible]~~ satisfied ~~[illegible]~~ muddy, muscle, under dark.

of England country names. They imagine as they read (often hanging to the strap of an omnibus, or ~~[illegible]~~) how it feels to fly over the rolling meadow & just feel the frost on their cheeks & then ~~riding home in~~ the dusk to & hear the thunder & the whimper & ~~the whimpering~~ whirl of hounds & horses in their ears. & then to have beautiful fields of Leicestershire unfold. ~~As~~ ~~Then what a valiant company of friends of fine company of~~ ~~So~~ The sporting writers, too, ~~make a fine winter's reading~~ ~~Beckford, St John, Surtees, Nimrod all have learnt~~ ~~somehow so~~ have ~~all~~ make no mean ~~[illegible]~~ reading. Coming to their task, ~~for to them it was generally a~~ ~~duty or a~~ without any special respect for pen & ink they have written in their slapdash gentlemanly way ~~far better than the professionals~~ ~~books that~~ — — — — ~~all the~~ Their riding & tumbling & leaping of fences & feeling of the frost upon the cheek has worked its way ~~so might~~ into the very marrow of English prose — lent it that leaping disorderly quality, that glow of imagery stuffed so often from hedge & woodland river, which distinguishes it not above the French, but from it. In short, coming to think of it, if one reflects a moment, there seems no reason ~~for~~ why the lady on the pier should not ~~[illegible]~~ take ~~Jack Mytton~~ a book from her bag, & proceed, while Madame Rosalba dives & the band blares & ~~we all lie halfway under~~ the British channel sparkles & sways ~~beneath~~ between the chinks of the planks, to read the life of Jack Mytton.

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Dec. 31st
1925

Robinson Crusoe

This is as ~~stately~~ handsome an edition of a classic as a classic himself
could require. It looks as if ~~we~~ it could be read ~~it~~ for ever
without shedding a page, ~~or~~ ~~as if the~~ as if the print
would never grow dim, or the ~~boards~~ binding lose ~~their~~ its
comely lustre of red & gold. Then Mr Whibley tells us
all we wish to know about Defoe in the preface; & there are
added those delicious designs by Stothard, engraved
by Medland, which ~~are so pleasant & appropriate~~ represent
Crusoe with matted locks, Crusoe on board his raft wh. so
with all the simplicity sincerity of a careful ~~of an eye which~~ & draughtsmanship of the
Eighteenth Century. This praise must be uttered firmly, &
placed in security, before we are whirled away by doubts,
speculations, theories — all ~~that tumult of interrogation~~ from
from a proper acknowledgement of our debt.

of trees with
innumerable
leaves & waves
with curling crests
carpets
impeccably
distinguished

But what doubts can ~~attack this ancient a~~
assail a book which generations have ~~taken to their~~ ~~hearts?~~ put beyond cavil?
~~taken to their hearts?~~ ~~so solid, so smooth, that to~~
~~heart put beyond~~ chiefly this — One might as well doubt the
~~The truth is that~~
assail Robinson Crusoe? in the Lord Mayor. ~~or~~ as
Bank of England, or disbelieve ~~Everyone has read Defoe, so~~
~~doubt a book~~ Defoe. ~~Should one be discovered in the act of~~
~~doubt Defoe.~~ ~~Robinson Crusoe has been~~
~~reading~~ The approach to ~~But waving aside~~
beaten so smooth ~~by the~~ & nothing
~~There is nothing new to be said.~~

For there are many ways of approaching these
~~classics~~ ~~volumes~~; classics. ~~Signposts have been~~
~~erected by~~ Any ~~reviewer~~, any professor, any reviewer,
can run up a signpost & ~~say~~ write 'To Robinson
Crusoe' upon it; & it puzzles the wits ~~of a~~ of readers

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~~to know which~~
& ~~what can the reader do but~~ ~~which~~ the reader has to make up her mind which road ~~is~~ leads quickest, ~~o~~ to the journeys end.